THE "JOHN BULL" PEN—A NEW MODEL. SEE PAGE 15.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. No. 592. | SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

712453

A
For coming of this
number see p. iii of cover.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

ALL OPTIMISTS OUT THERE

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

X SOLD EVERYWHERE.

COST LITTLE.

EXCELDA LABEL ON EVERY HANDKERCHIEF.

LIGHT AND DAINTY.

DEPENDABLE QUALITY.

ASK FOR EXCELDA SOFT COLLARS, FRONTS, SHIRTS.

Bissle's Ad. Serv.

"I met him in Holborn—

"We turned off into Southampton Row. And suddenly—those doors round the corner—we came on the very thing we were looking for! Just the ideal furniture we'd always hoped to have when we settled down in a dear little home of our own. There it was—in the 'Midland' Salons—and the moment we saw it we knew we'd come to the right place!

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

"You ought to go there yourself when you're furnishing. There's £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture to select from; and you've only to read the prices, all written out in plain figures, to see what splendid value the 'Midland' give. You get an extra 10% discount for cash; and if you like to furnish out of income you can arrange to pay at your own convenience on the 'Midland' Ideal Terms without being charged a single penny for interest, or any extras whatsoever!"

Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A postcard brings it free.

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 - £20	5 6
£20 - £30	11 0
£30 - £40	16 6
£40 - £50	2 0
£50 - £100	7 6
£100 - £200	16 0
£200 - £500	16 0
£500 - £1,000	16 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Handsome Bedroom Suite, soundly constructed in Fumed Oak. The Suite comprises a 4 ft. Wardrobe with oval-bevelled mirror in door, and large drawer; 3 ft. 6 in. Dressing Table; 3 ft. 6 in. Washstand with marble top and tiled back; and 2 Chairs . . . . . £24 - 10 - 0

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Script.

Rail Fares Paid.
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 7. Saturdays—9 till 1.

BIFFED !!

But still cool and comfortable.

YOU may safely undertake any water risks so long as McClinton's Shaving Cream is your chief standby. The persuasive qualities of this preparation immediately overcome the reluctance of the hardest water, and the resultant rich, creamy lather softens the beard—no matter how stubborn—"in a trice." Furthermore, McClinton's Shaving Cream does not contain anything which can sting or burn the skin. Thus, by its use you are assured of a delightful cool shave, and a skin left refreshed and comfortable.

McCLINTON'S Shaving Soaps & Cream

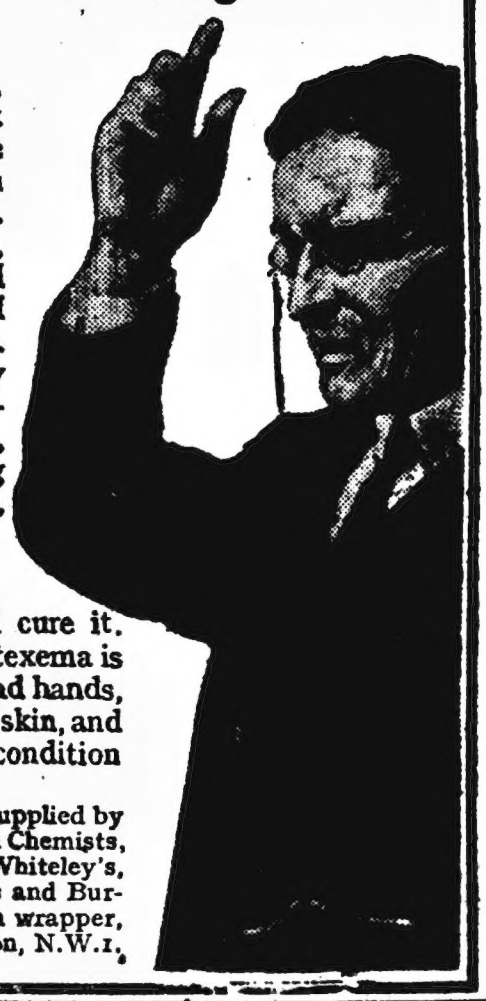
Hibernia, In Sticks or Cakes, 7½d. & 1/-
Exquisite " " 7½d.
Shaving Cream, In Pots or Tubes, 7½d. & 1/-

FREE—The Colleen Book of British Beauty

containing six beautifully coloured miniature portrait postcards of famous Bygone Beauties, on receipt of 1d. stamp; or will be sent with a generous sized sample cake of the famous Colleen Soap for 2d. for packing and postage. McClinton's Ltd. (Dept. A. G. 12), Donaghmore, Co. Tyrone.

CLOSE SHAVE SERIES.
No. 3.

Get rid of your Skin Trouble
It is dangerous to delay—
get Antexema to-day



You can stop that horrid, worrying irritation, which worries you all day and keeps you awake at night, and once and for all rid yourself of those ugly face spots, patch of eczema, or other skin illness. You can start your cure this very minute. Get Antexema and apply it to your irritated skin, and it will immediately feel cool, comfortable and free from pain. Go on applying Antexema, and every sign of skin trouble will soon disappear. Antexema is a physician's remedy, and every bottle is carefully prepared from his original prescription. Antexema is invisible on the skin, and forms an airtight antiseptic artificial covering to the bad place, which excludes grit and germs, so that rapid healing takes place.

Antexema is All British

Whatever your skin complaint Antexema will cure it. Everything else may have proved a failure, but Antexema is certain to succeed. Eczema, rashes, bad legs, bad hands, face spots, lip and chin troubles, rough or chafed skin, and every other sore, irritated, scaly or blotchy skin condition is cured by Antexema.

Do your duty to your skin and get Antexema to-day. Supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also at Boots' Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows' at 1/3 and 3/- per bottle, or direct post free in plain wrapper, 1/6 and 3/-, from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1. Also in India, Australasia, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

FURS
AT WHOLESALE PRICES

The largest Stock of Fashionable **FUR SETS and FUR COATS** in London to choose from. Every article of guaranteed quality. Inspection cordially invited, or post a card now for beautifully illustrated Catalogue.

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO.
145, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Wear "Jason" to be Proof

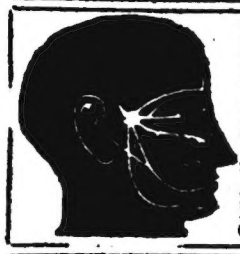
against the vagaries of Autumn and the rigours of the Wintry Weather coming.

"Jason"
UNDERWEAR

For men, women and children who would keep healthy throughout the cold months.
Of Drapers, Hosiers, Ladies' and Men's Outfitters everywhere. In case of difficulty write to the manufacturers.

The New "Olympic" Brand is a lower grade containing a percentage of cotton.

JASON UNDERWEAR CO., Leicester.



ZOX Cures Neuralgia

Try this safe, quick, and simple cure now. Of Chemists and Stores in 1/- and 2/6 boxes, or from ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Gdn., London, E.C. (Mention "J.B.")

The Name
PHILLIPS'

on Rubber Heels and Tips is a Guarantee of **QUALITY**

PHILLIPS' PATENTS LTD., 142 OLD ST. LONDON E.C.

WEAK NERVES.

Health and happiness impossible where nerve weakness exists. My FREE BOOK shows how lassitude, depression, all nerve, stomach, or heart weakness, irritability, brain-fag, self-consciousness, etc., may be positively cured, under guarantee. BE EFFICIENT! Stop failing and become the success you were meant to. Enclose 2 stamps, mention ailment. Dept. J.
THOMAS INCH. 14, Clarendon Road, Putney, London, S.W.

Them's my Sentiments

The guy that blends that Grand Cut tobacco is a Professor Sir————, a man who knows more about baccy than a soldier about fatigues—and then some. There's enough of the old man (he lit out from Aberdeen) in me to see that I get it weighed out of a **gen-uine** Godfrey Phillips yellow box every time. And it is cheap and good? Answer—Cheap and good.

GODFREY PHILLIPS'
"GRAND CUT"
VIRGINIA

7½ per oz.

War Risks

The cost of insuring "Skippers" on their perilous voyage across the North Sea now amounts to a considerable portion of the value of the goods. Every tin of "Skippers" is subject to a heavy charge for insurance.

We were obliged either to increase the prices or introduce a cheaper quality. We did not hesitate. "Skippers" have always stood for "Quality"; nothing but the very choicest will do.

The increased price does *not* mean increased profit. "Skippers" are now sold on a *smaller margin of profit than ever before*, but they still remain the same delicious nourishing food.

"Skippers"

ANGUS WATSON & CO.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Keep smiling there's always 'Skippers.'

Why do I Smile?

"Why do I smile?" exclaimed Uncle Cheeriboy, "because I can always digest and enjoy my food, and because I'm never affected by constipation and and other disorders that come with the change of seasons. Therefore I am always fit. I wake cheerful, get nothing but pleasure out of my work, and sleep like a top—you see, sixty years ago I discovered **Page Woodcock's Pills**—that's why I smile."

Page Woodcock's Pills are a wonderful stand-by at all times; at the first symptom of irregularity, sluggish liver, kidney disorder or allied troubles they will put you right and prevent complications.

For sixty years they have cleansed the blood of the nation and given the joy of perfect health to millions of sufferers.

INDIGESTION.
Mrs. MASON writes:—"I suffered most severely from chronic indigestion and dyspepsia, and for a year underwent great pain. I have reason to be thankful for Page Woodcock's Pills, for from the first they have kept me free from the attacks."

Sold by all Chemists in 1/3 and 3/- Boxes
Read what Mrs. Mason says about her wonderful experience of **Page Woodcock's Pills**:—

Over 60 years' reputation.

Page Woodcock's Pills

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 592. Week ending Saturday, October 6th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

First Run.

It is always interesting when watching a political race to see who gets first run. Winston has frequently distinguished himself in this way; but, in the Autumn Stakes Mr. Asquith has "got away" on his own. *Watch Asquith.*

Mice at Play.

Is it *quite* wise for *The Times* to choose the present moment for a special series of articles on "The Ferment of Revolution"? War and Revolution are two ugly cousins, and should be kept as far apart as possible. We are glad to hear that Lord Northcliffe is coming back.

The King on the Clyde.

We hear that the King had a great reception amongst the Clyde workers. His Majesty has certainly "made good" during the war.

Wrong Again!

Our contemporary *Common Sense* is under the impression that our recent visit to the Front is part and parcel of Sir Edward Carson's War Aims Propaganda. We didn't even know that Sir Edward *had* a propaganda. We just went "on our own."

How to Win the War.

We have now seen a photo of ourselves in a gas mask, and we are regretting that it didn't occur to us to pop our head over the parapet when we had it on. The enemy would certainly have bolted for fright.

"The Front."

What a lot of distinguished persons have followed us out to the Front—the Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Churchill and Lord Derby, amongst them! Yet we will wager that not one of them got near the firing line—or wore a gas mask!

Our Visit.

By the way, we are inundated with requests for "dates," to talk about our experiences. All in good time.

Huns First.

The other day at York Station several first-class lady passengers were requested to vacate their seats to make room for some German officers—and were transferred to a third-class carriage. That's all!

Our Poor Publisher.

Again we ask for your prayers. The poor man was quite snowed under again last week, but there is a happy smile on his face.

Yom Kippur.

Here is another institution which—like the Angelus—when the war is over and we get the New Religion, we might well incorporate. An annual rest from food and work, and a day's quiet moral stock-taking, would do us all good.

Too Much "Yapp"!

Sir Arthur Yapp—of the Young Men's Christian Association—has commenced his new duties, as Food Economy Director, by being true to his name—having, we understand, already appointed about eighty "Yappers" to talk on the subject.

Quite Right.

We always like congratulating a contemporary on the accuracy of its news. Hence our compliments to the *Birmingham Evening Dispatch* for the following: "Probably what the Premier mistook for the Messines explosion was really the clamour at the front for Mr.——"

Ramsay.

We are still awaiting an official denial of the statement, made at a public meeting in Leicester, that Ramsay Macdonald was recently offered a post in the Government.

A Suggestion.

"What we envy most is Mr. Bottomley's unusual intimacy with God," says the *Nation*. May we suggest that our good brother should cultivate a little closer intimacy with the canons of good taste?

Bands for Battalions.

Several readers have sent us copies of the *Free Sunday Advocate*—the journal of the National Sunday League—containing announcements of military bands performing at places of entertainment. They suggest that these bands could be better employed with their regiments at the Front.

"Horatio the Third."

This is how certain papers—with a profound sense of humour—now refer to us, having, of course, Nelson and Kitchener in mind. But what about our forebear of Tuscany—the "Captain of the Gate"—who asked, you will remember, "How can man die better, than facing fearful odds For the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his gods?"

At the Aldwych Club.

We are to be the guest of this famous Club, at lunch, on Wednesday, October 24th, when we shall have the pleasure of telling the members something more about our visit to the Front.

Air Raids.—We have paid considerably over 1,000 claims under our Free Insurance. See page iii of Cover.

Petrol.

A discharged soldier, in Oxfordshire, tells us that he sees numbers of officers using petrol for joy-rides, but when he asked for a permit for spirit for his motor-cycle, to enable him to do a journey as traveller three times a week, it was promptly refused. So he has lost the chance of a good situation.

War Bread.

A newspaper cutting, sent to us from Heaton Park, discloses that "only the other day two bakers were convicted and fined 1s. for putting plaster of paris in bread to make it a nice colour." The fine in the case is an inadequate recognition of misapplied artistry. In justice, the bakers should have been given six months, and forcibly stuffed with their own bread at every meal.

"Perishable."

On September 8th four hampers of sausages, 280 lbs. in all, for the officers' mess consumption, were consigned to the Officer-in-Charge at Reading, from the War Department Sausage Factory. They were marked, in red letters, "Perishable." On September 20th they perished, being thrown into a furnace at a Basingstoke Camp. Soldiers in that camp go a-hungered, while sausages for the officers are cast into the burning fiery furnace.

A Bad Habit.

A Birmingham firm, controlled, imports young trained girls from distant cities, such as Bristol, and tells them, at the end of the first week, that their wages for that period will not be paid until they leave, the firm insisting on keeping the money in hand. The girls are therefore thrown on their resources and those of their landladies, and advised by their foremen to write home for money. This is a long-standing scandal; it is time it was remedied.

The Wrong Culprit.

At Aberdeen a girl, 17 years of age, has been sentenced to five years' penal servitude for drowning her 13-months-old child, in despair of continuing to pay for the infant's keep. This means that she had been seduced and was becoming a mother at 15 years of age. There is something inexpressibly villainous in desertion of this sort, and under an ideal law the father would also be severely punished for his larger share in the conditions which produced the crime.

Wake Up, Wales!

From Wales:—"Llanelly, with a population of 36,000, has supplied 7,100 men to the Army, and to take their places in the industry of the town over 10,000 persons, mostly Irishmen of military age, have been imported." There is a house shortage, and "a woman and her eight children, who were turned out of their home after her husband had voluntarily enlisted, are now living in a stable, no better accommodation being available." Llanelly is reaping but poor reward for its fine patriotic record.

"This He Has Done."

After the Precentor of Chelmsford, comes the Rev. T. W. H. Jacob, Vicar of Shirley, Southampton. "When the Vicar saw the 'plotters' at work on the Sundays in the Spring," says the parish magazine, "he made the remark, though, of course, he did not express any wish, that the Lord could easily blight those potatoes if He so willed. This He has done, showing His displeasure of the Sunday labour, and many of our potatoes will be lost owing implicitly to His Holy Day being desecrated, and as a judgment on the cultivation of such." To our idea, a great many more potatoes have been lost through being planted the wrong way on Saturday afternoons.

Soldiers by the Sea.

Southend hears that more troops are to be drafted into the town for the winter, and the lodging-house folk are pleading now, as a year ago, that the men may be billeted with them, instead of in empty houses to sleep on bare boards. It would certainly benefit the soldiers to dwell with people who would gladly do their best for them, while the hard-hit inhabitants would be able to face the world more hopefully.

His Blood for a Pal.

Thompson, of Londonderry, is a name to remember. But Mr. Thompson wants us to remember another name. Eight of his sons joined up; two have been killed, two are in hospital. One, in the Canadian infantry, had to suffer amputation of his right leg, but the surgeons dared not attempt the operation without the transfusion of a pint of blood. So a comrade obliged by giving that quantity from his veins. His name, Private Angus J. Macaulay, is the one to be recorded.

Where Comparisons are Odious.

About three months ago a dozen men of the Royal Engineers, all skilled instrument-makers, were sent into Controlled Wireless Experimental Works. They do precisely the same work as the civilian employees, put in overtime till 8 p.m., and are at the bench every alternate Saturday and Sunday. The civilians earn on an average £6 a week; the soldiers receive their ordinary military pay. If we were not accustomed to restrain our language, we should call it a damned shame.

How Dare They Sit?

The Chairman of the Council at Downham Market was good enough to fix up, at his own expense, seats around the market clock for the use of wounded soldiers. It appears evident that some of the men must have had the audacity to sit down on them; perhaps they were impertinent enough to feel tired. Anyway, they must not do it again in a hurry, for all in hospital have been warned against loitering, and forbidden to use the seats in the Market Place and elsewhere. How dare a wounded man sit down? Cannot he drop in the gutter and lie there?

The Plunderers.

Does the War Office ever try to bring to book the plunderers of dead soldiers' effects? The son of Mr. C. H. King, of Billericay—a lieutenant in the Glamorganshire Royal Horse Artillery—died at Arras in May last from wounds. Before he went to the Front the lieutenant had in his possession a revolver, a gold watch and chain, a silver watch, a fountain pen, a prismatic compass, a pair of binoculars, and other personal effects, and yet all the young soldier's father has received of his son's property through Messrs. Cox and Co. is a sealed envelope containing —a farthing. How terrible it is that such tales should often reach us.

A Soldier's Fate.

It is useless for the Pensions Department to pretend that everything is as it should be in regard to the care of discharged soldiers. A flagrant instance to the contrary was brought to light at a recent meeting of the Sligo Board of Guardians, when a letter was read from a soldier who, having fought in France, Belgium, Greece and Serbia, was subsequently discharged from the Army through ill-health, without the faintest means of subsistence. In a few days the poor fellow was reduced to the verge of starvation. The nation will not tolerate these stinking scandals, which are more calculated to "prejudice recruiting" than all the pacifist speeches ever uttered.

Your last chance to win £1,000. See page 20.

Anomalous Restrictions.

Consider this anomaly: In a Cornish town is an English woman, married to an interned German. She is a servant, and, under the Aliens' Restrictions Act, must not travel a distance beyond five miles. Quite close by reside two German-born "ladies." *They* may go wheresoever and whithersoever they please.

"No Encumberance."

"Wanted, Steward and Stewardess for Nantymoel Working Men's Club and Institute; no encumbrance." We wonder what the working men of Nantymoel think of that advertisement. One of them tells us, forcibly, that "in the year 1917 it positively stinks." The word is not pretty, but it is so expressive that we feel compelled to endorse it.

Wanted, a German.

From the address 83, Park Road, Chiswick, issues this advertisement: "Lady requires young German governess two hours daily, morning or afternoon, terms moderate." Speaking for ourselves, we would not require the young German governess on any terms, moderate or expensive, and we do not envy the nature, spirit, or feelings of an English "lady" who can insert such an announcement.

Still in the Family.

Barnstaple Guardians met to appoint a Relieving Officer, and—well, yes, the old story. A discharged soldier, with experience in a similar position at Marylebone, received not one vote. At the top of the poll was a lady, daughter of the retiring official. Father makes a graceful bow of farewell and sees the salary still in the family. "Guardians" of Barnstaple should also be guardians of the country's duty towards men who have done theirs.

A Savage Sentence.

Herewith our cordial contempt for the Sandwich Justices, who lately sentenced a soldier to seven days' hard labour "without the option" for "stealing" plums from an orchard, although, as a Kentish clergyman's wife informs us, in the course of a warm-hearted protest, "plums and damsons are so plentiful in the district that they are falling off in bushels, only to be wasted." We should like to treat those senseless Sandwich Magistrates to an unrelieved plum diet for a month.

Only One of Our Own.

It was only a dead British soldier—not a Germhun prisoner—so they took him for burial to the cemetery at Inverness in a Red Cross motor ambulance. The mourners, eight soldiers and a dozen civilians, were comrades and friends. There was no proper escort, no firing party, not an officer or non-com., and the Last Post was not sounded. "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note." You see, he was just a British private, dying in the barracks of a garrison town, so the usual honours—even to the hearse or gun-carriage—were dispensed with.

A Young Man's Job.

Mr. E. Bevin, making a speech at Bristol, referred to the fact that a young man, only 30, passed for general service, had been appointed Secretary to the local Food Control Committee. He, Mr. Bevin, "was not going to be dictated to . . . he was going to select the best man (applause). He did not want somebody incompetent to handle an important subject like that (applause). If they got the wrong man it was the poor who were going to suffer (applause), and they had obtained the services of an alert and capable young man (applause)." Applause seems cheap in Bristol, even though the Food Committee detains an alert and capable young man from the field where his services are most required.

How Did He Do It?

"Station-masters ask for an improvement of pay. The average salary did not exceed £120 a year. Sometimes it was as low as £55." So the newspaper said. Two days later the same paper said this: "Latest Wills—Mr. Joseph Willard, of Arundel, Sussex; retired station-master, left £36,683 gross." He must have saved his tips. But, as a matter of fact, *we* had something to do with the making of that fortune.

Passports for Huns.

A boat of the Castle line, leaving Capetown for England, was held up because the seamen and firemen objected to the presence of a German on board, said to be armed with a passport for England! The protest worked, and the Hun was put ashore. Then six more passengers voluntarily left the boat, four at least of them being described as German. Even if South Africa is glad to lose its Huns, we certainly do not want them.

A Nameless Firm.

A woman, unnamed, was charged at Glasgow with stealing some crockery ware from a nameless tea-rooms firm. She was found destitute by the police, with five children, no bread in the place, and the very bed-clothes pawned. The kind officers bought food for them, and the woman said that some stolen bowls had contained food carried home for the little ones. Now the prosecuting firm—rightly we termed it "nameless"—had been paying the poor soul a wage of 12s. a week—in these days, mind. No wonder she was merely bound over.

At the B. M.

We have asked the British Museum to abolish its German notices. We now introduce the subject of economy to the Trustees. It cannot be necessary to employ three sturdy men to roll the gravel with one small roller. And then about the books, some of which have been removed elsewhere. It seems that there are occasions when volumes are wanted by somebody for something, but surely it is not necessary to bring them by taxi. On arrival the big gates are opened, in goes the taxi, and out comes an attendant with a trolley. We have seen one small book treated with all this solemn and expensive ritual.

The *Affaire* Dryver.

Why do the Belgian military authorities want to get De Dryver, who alleges that Lieutenant Aughuet shot him across a table, out of the country, and have the case tried by Belgian court martial; why was Mr. Garrett, the Bow Street Magistrate, so curiously misinformed about the law as to adjourn the case before him for so long as six weeks, pending the decision of the court martial abroad; and why did the Public Prosecutor write that "the authorities have thought fit to accede to the demand of the Belgian authorities for trial by court martial"? The atmosphere in the case does not suggest the ordinary and usual atmosphere of British justice.

Slighting the Italians.

"In order to pay homage to the valour and heroism of France," many of her products—such as wines, silks, etc.—are being admitted into the United Kingdom in unlimited quantities. No Briton begrudges this well-earned tribute, but why leave Italy out in the cold? Her troops have accomplished wonders, yet the import of her goods is rigorously cut down, though the principal sufferers may be Italian producers invalided out of the Army.

£1,000 for a "Bullet."

This is the last week of our "Bullets" anniversary offer. If you want to win £1,000, send in your "Bullet" now.

Test proves it best—the "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 15.

AN OMINOUS SILENCE.

THE TRANSPORT TRAGEDY AND THE MONS "REACH-ME-DOWNS."

By Charles Palmer.

THERE will be a big reckoning when the war is over between the soldier and the "authorities"—between the man who is doing and enduring, and that mysterious power which does so little and does it so badly where Tommy is concerned. It is the power which cannot even act decently when our heroes return from "Somewhere in Hell" to the supposed comforts of civil life. War is no picnic, and the fighting man does not expect swansdown and rose-water. But when he is not exposed to the inevitable rigours and discomforts of the trench he does expect, and has a right to expect, every consideration for his well-being and some regard to his manhood. Recently I told the tragedy of the transport which sailed from Durban to Bombay. It is a piteous and an infamous story. Not one word of explanation, excuse or apology has come from the authorities, and not one word of denial. But while Whitehall is silent the men are articulate, and the letters I have received from India confirm the story of the disgraceful conditions and the preventable deaths which occurred on the *Empress of Britain*.

What Happened in India.

First-hand evidence is better than any comment of my own. Let me therefore quote first from a correspondent writing from Burbhan Camp, Murree Hills, N.W.F., India. After describing the pleasant time the Bedfords had in Durban—they had voyaged from Plymouth—he continues: "We then went on board the *Empress of Britain*, April 13th, and put out in the harbour for a week, where we were starved, covered in lice and infested with rats; drains all choked—a disgrace to any country; 4,400 of us packed like sardines and the heat awful; had to cross the Line, so you can imagine what it was like. We had twelve deaths on board and about 100 sick cases when we landed at Bombay. I was ill—never so ill in all my life." Having reached India it might have been expected that the privations of the Bedfords were over. Not at all. Read this: "Landed at Bombay on May 13. Went in the train to the dockyard and travelled until the Wednesday night, when we arrived at Rawal Pindi about 6 o'clock, where we camped after having a piece of bread and a half-pint of tea without sugar or milk. Lay down until half-past 12, and then had another piece of bread and tea, then started to walk 13 miles to the next camp; about half our lot done—I fainted, and got picked up by a transport. When we got there we had another cup of tea and bread, until 6 p.m., when we had some stew. . . . We are all broke; had no pay since Bombay, where we had three rupees—half rations I can tell you; we are looking up well, 'ticking' for food; can't get any money, and I've lost a pair of boots, pinched on board—that means 25s., so I shall be doing well for a bit."

Board of Trade Certificate.

Now the letter I have quoted was not written to John Bull. It is an extract from a brother's letter to his sister, in which, without colour or exaggeration, he describes the "rough time since we left dear old Blighty." But while he confirms the conditions prevailing on board the transport, a Corporal in the Bedfords, whose letter home has been forwarded to us, goes into closer detail and reveals a state of things alike disgraceful and appalling. 'We left Durban feeling very fit, as the living had been so good, and I weighed 11 stone 12 lbs. On the second day our Colonel, a religious and good-living man, complained to the Captain of the bad conditions for his men, but he could do nothing. Then the ship's doctor condemned the boat for sanitary reasons. But it was no good; the Board of Trade had licensed the boat to carry 4,500 troops, and they had to be taken. On the 20th April our Colonel and Major made a surprise visit to the messes—they were disgusted, but not surprised. Next morning we paraded and had to strip and show shirts. We paraded again at 11 o'clock for inspection by the ship's officer and port doctor. I found more lice. The old Colonel tried his utmost to get us off the boat, but without success." After describing how the Colonel endeavoured to get the hammocks changed—"they were taken out and brought back again without even being cleaned"—the Corporal continues: "In two days we were all smothered with the devils; the most I found on me in one day was 45—it was horrible; even the officers had them. In the sergeants' mess the bedding had to be thrown overboard and the ironwork heated with blow-lamps to kill the bugs. The officers could not sleep in their bunks and came on deck with the men. Even there it was difficult to sleep owing to the rats, of which there were swarms."

How They Died.

But the worst is to come. The food was vile, men fell sick and the medicine ran short—and all this, remember, not in the emergency of sudden strife, but in the third year of war. "Two men were buried at sea on the second day out and another the following day. There was not sufficient water on board, and on an average we had one wash in four days. The food all this time was awful, and nothing could be bought on board. On May 1st another man died from some complaint, but we could not find out what it was. On the 3rd we were due for another inoculation against enteric, but it was suddenly cancelled owing to 75 men going sick with bad arms from the first inoculation. Next day all men were paraded for inspection of arms, and some of them were awful. Two men died during the night, and matters were looking very serious. Three more died next day. One suffered awful pain; the doctor amputated his arm, but the poor fellow died. All were buried at sea. In all ten men died from inoculation alone. It was awful to see the poor fellows going about with arms as big as my thigh. One died as they were putting him on the hospital boat. When they were lowered from our boat their arms were strapped to their sides and they looked like mummies."

There *Must* Be an Inquiry.

There is much more I could quote from this correspondent, who lost 17 lbs. in weight on the voyage. But I think I have offered enough evidence to justify a renewed demand upon the Government for a full and searching inquiry into the voyage of the *Empress of Britain*. Life is cheap to-day, we know, and cheap is counted the service of our bravest and best. But they are our bravest and they are best, and any neglect or insult inflicted upon them is felt by every man and woman in the country. It is on a par with the callousness of red tape and the neglectful ignorance of officialdom that the men who fight and endure should be treated as some of the heroes of Mons have been treated. All honour to a man who earns his discharge; all discredit to those who fit him up in a sloppy "reach-me-down" suit and tie a handkerchief round his neck, sending him forth to the world as no criminal is sent from gaol on his release. And then that crudely impudent reply to the query "Why a handkerchief?"—"Well, we don't wear collars in the Army"! Yes, it is time the public awoke and demanded decent treatment for our heroes.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Lord Chelmsford, Viceroy of India.

Dear Viceroy,—During your predecessor's term of office, I had a good deal to say in regard to the retention at Simla of a German Bandmaster, and now it seems that something of the same kind is happening again, Mr. G. H. Krumbiegel, formerly Botanical Superintendent at Mysore, having been allowed to take up an appointment as horticulturist at Quetta. I understand that at the commencement of the war Mr. Krumbiegel, as an enemy alien, was interned at Ahmednagar, and it is nothing short of incredible that he should have been subsequently released and reinstated in a British Government office. Such an appointment cannot surely have received your approval. What have you to say? John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Sir George Cave, K.C., M.P., Home Secretary.

Dear Home Secretary,—Not in vain, surely, shall I appeal for mercy on behalf of that poor child, Catherine Smart by name, aged only 17 years, who at Aberdeen the other day was sentenced to five years' penal servitude for the "murder" of an unwanted child. Of the technical guilt of the distracted girl-mother there was, I suppose, no doubt, but there were circumstances of extenuation that might have melted a heart of stone. Deserted by her betrayer and maddened by financial worry, the frightened child, on the spur of an uncontrollable impulse, made away with the innocent cause of her agony and shame. The common story—aye, sir, but think of that brutal crushing penalty! Think of it, and act with the bowels of a man. John Bull.

To Sir Arthur Yapp, General Sec., Young Men's Christian Association.

Sir,—While recognising the useful work of your Association in certain directions, I am quite unable to appreciate the anxiety of the Y.M.C.A. to assist German prisoners of war. It appears that you have a scheme "for putting German university students, now prisoners of war, in touch with educational authorities in this country, who could help them to continue their studies during the period of their internment," and for this extraordinary purpose your Committee has the hardihood to appeal for assistance to the clergy and other sections of the patriotic public. As I say, I am at a loss to understand such misguided solicitude for the young Hun. Perhaps when you have a spare moment from your Food Economy campaign and Y.M.C.A. work, you will explain. John Bull.

To Harry Fisher, Esq., J.P., Sheffield Police Court.

Sir,—Before you appeared a woman, summoned for non-attendance at school of her child. She was a soldier's widow, wearing a brooch containing her dead husband's portrait. When she pleaded that her child could not go to school because she had no boots, you said, "You have a splendid brooch; sell that and buy boots." She tried to speak, but she was again told to "sell her jewellery and buy boots." Once more she essayed an explanation, but she was ordered to stand aside. If I described your remarks as heartless, I should understate their offensiveness. I can only marvel that a Magistrate should possess so little of the milk of human kindness as persistently to order a poor widow woman to divest herself of her memento of her dead man, who died for all of us—himself included. John Bull.

To the Lady Superintendent, Military Hospital, Eastleigh.

Madam,—Was it really necessary to impose an iron law upon the women working under you that they must never, whether on duty or off, speak to a soldier, either wounded or belonging to the staff of the hospital? Believe me, the women are not itching to injure the men's morals or to retard their recovery. On the other hand, it may happen that they have husbands in the same regiments as some of the patients, and it must be particularly distressing to pass possible comrades of their own good men without even a good-day. It is cruel to make the women snub poor sick men, while the sufferers must squirm on finding themselves considered social lepers. Do withdraw the interdict. A kind word and a cheerful smile mean much, and it is a soured person who sees sin in a hearty salutation. Second thoughts are best, madam; so please think again. John Bull.

To the Rev. Philip James Kelly, ex-Vicar of Collingham Bridge, Yorks.

Dear Sir,—Ten days ago, at the time of writing, you vanished on a cycle from the Vicarage, leaving a wife and six young children, and none knew whither you had departed. To think of your now being discovered as Private Jim Kelly, of the R.G.A., having resigned your living of £500 a year and the Vicarage, to "do your bit" for the country at 1s. 2d. a day—well, I don't know what Mrs. Kelly, and the little Kellys, and the People's Warden think, but upon my word on the face of things you present yourself to me as a very patriotic chap, no longer able to resist the call of your heart. How you preach as a Vicar I do not know, but I think I know how you will fire as a gunner. I can see you on the target every time. They tell me you once expressed the idea that Christianity wasn't adequately represented by a cushion at one's head and plenty of change to jingle in one's pocket. Perhaps while on short leave you will find a Vicar to lend you a pulpit on Sundays to enable you to keep your hand in. In any case, we must find one for you when you have finished your present job in khaki. May He to whom we look to bless our battles bless you and yours. John Bull.

To "General" Bramwell Booth, Salvation Army.

Dear Warrior,—It seems that the rank of "Temporary Captain" in the British Army, mentioned in so many *Gazettes* of late years, has aroused your Headquarters to the spirit of emulation. I learn that numerous members of the clerical staffs of your trade departments have been appointed to Temporary Captaincies (S.A.), and that they hold forth on Sundays and go back to their jobs during the week. In this way they are said to have secured exemption from the other Army. If this is so, somebody seems to have put these "officers" (*pro tem.*) up to a slim move, but one upon which I can compliment nobody. John Bull.

To the West Ham Stipendiary.

Your Worship,—The law is sometimes "a ass," but more often it is worse—it is hard-hearted. Surely that case of the elderly woman summoned for detaining a photograph of her dead daughter, together with some articles of domestic utility, must appeal to every right-thinking man as a hard one. As to the prosecutor, a Belgian, who was widowed within six months of the marriage, no complaint could be made, but the unhappy mother was upset by the knowledge that he was now "paying attention" to another young woman. After all, a mother's feelings deserve respect—and yet you felt compelled, evidently putting law before humanity, to tell this bereaved woman that she had "too much sentiment." Really, really! John Bull.

To J. W. Dennis, Esq., late Potato Controller.

Dear Mr. Dennis,—Although I think we have had in recent months far too many Controllers, you certainly deserve the thanks of the public for the work you did in taking in hand the homely "spud" at a time when it looked as if there would be a dangerous scarcity. And that, too, when the stocks of flour were running low. You knew your job and you did it to the satisfaction of the public—and at considerable pecuniary sacrifice—with the result that to-day the potato is prolific in the land. Having done your work you retire from the scene, not being desirous of "lagging superfluously" at the Ministry of Food. Thanks again. John Bull.

To Mr. Cheney, Collier, Ravenstone, Leicestershire.

Sir,—Yours seems to be "some" family, and it is clear you have "some" wife. By the statement of a constable in the Coalville Police Court, you and your three sons, all colliers, earn so much money—over £11 weekly between you—that the missus can afford to chuck war bread into the swill tub, and slices of bacon after it, to keep it company. "From one baker," I read, "62 two-pound loaves were purchased in three weeks, averaging 12 lb. per person over the Food Controller's allowance." The missus was fined £5 and I am glad to say you will have to pay the fine. Gluttony and waste get no sympathy from me. John Bull.

THE BOUNDER ON THE BENCH.

MR. MONTAGU SHARPE'S OUTRAGEOUS CONDUCT.

It is irksome enough in these days—when, owing to the call of the country, businesses, especially the small ones, are being robbed of so much labour—that the demands of the jury system have to be met. But when decent men are called upon to sacrifice time and money for jury service they have at least a right to expect decent treatment at the hands of the Bench. What occurred at the Middlesex Sessions the other day, when twelve "good men and true" were bullied and brow-beaten, makes it plain that so long as Mr. Montagu Sharpe is allowed to play the bounder on the Bench they can look for such treatment in vain. It is not the first time that the Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions has come under our notice, but we hope, after this latest exhibition of his, that an end will be put to his methods, and that so soon as Parliament opens his conduct will form the subject of very drastic inquiries. What are the duties of a jury and what their rights? They are called upon to come to a verdict on the facts placed before them, and if they do that according to their consciences they have a right to the protection of the Court. What happened in this case was that the jury had before them two Wood Green youths who were charged with setting fire to a tennis club pavilion. The evidence was duly put forward, and on it the jury found a verdict of "Not guilty." Was this some hasty and hot-headed action on their part? By no means. They were absent for an hour-and-a-half before returning into Court with their finding. Now their verdict may have been right or wrong according to the Chairman's view. But it *was* their verdict, and it was their duty as honest men to give their decision without fear or favour—certainly without fear of any hostile action on the part of the Judge. Yet Mr. Sharpe had the audacity to denounce them for their verdict and to punish them like a lot of schoolboys by "keeping them in"—to put it in his own words, "You will stay here for the rest of the Session." Coupled with this threat was another—they would be reported to the Home Office, and also the gross charge that they had "gone against their oaths" in bringing in their verdict. Could anything be more subversive of the dignity of Justice than what followed? For days the jury sought to come to closer quarters with this pinch-beck potentate, and by artful words and legal subterfuge Mr. Sharpe avoided the direct challenge of his conduct. In his anger, because they dared to ignore the direct invitation to a conviction, he had told these British laymen that they were not worthy to sit on a jury. Yet when application was made for their release from attendance he pretended that they were wanted—presumably to demonstrate further their unworthiness. Now it is to be observed that—quite apart from this offensiveness from the Bench, and in our view the gross abuse of the power of the Court, in punishing men who had acted according to their consciences—Mr. Sharpe very gravely misused his position when, before the jury retired, he told them that the accused lads had pleaded "Guilty" at the police court. That is a fact which the Judge had no right to publish, and it says much for the character of the twelve "good men" that they disregarded so obvious an attempt to influence their judgment. Considering it was urged in evidence that one of the lads was feeble-minded, and that it was only fear which induced a "confession" to the police, one can find no possible ground for the action of the Judge. By his conduct Mr. Sharpe has brought the Bench into contempt. He indulged in an amount and kind of intimidation which no fair-minded judge should dare to exercise. We live in strange times, when much that we hold dear alike in law and liberty is in danger. And if public opinion is to remain silent when a jury is brow-beaten and punished—for it is a cruel punishment to keep men from their usual avocations for many days, and that, too, out of pure spite—then we might very well look forward to a renewal of the bad old times when judges were a terror in the land.

TWO SIDES OF A QUESTION.

OFFICIAL REASONS FOR A GERMAN'S FREEDOM.

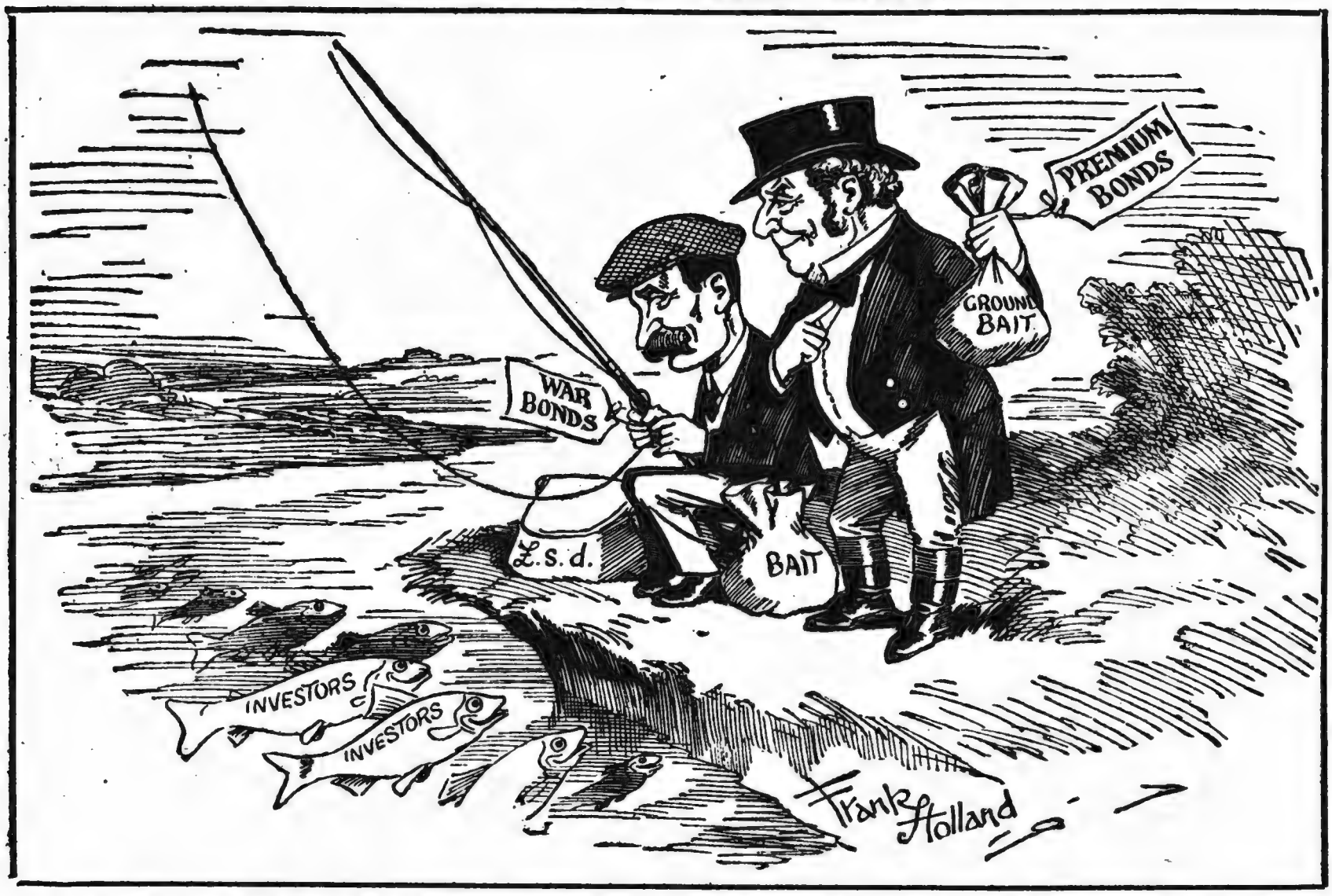
First take the citizen's view of this case. It concerns a German, born at Essen, who has served in the German army, has not been naturalised, and who trades in Birmingham as Eugen Baedeker, Ltd., Cycle Accessory Makers. He has a flourishing business, and has made exceptional profits lately. It is said that he has brothers fighting in the German army, and citizens are surprised that he should be at liberty all this while to trade and compete with Britons, so many of whom have been compelled to close both business and home. Let us now consider the official view, put in official language:—"The Board of Trade has decided to allow Baedeker's business to continue in the interest of British Export Trade, and this is being done under a Supervisor appointed by them. Part of Baedeker's shares have been vested in the Public Trustee and sold by him to a British subject. Baedeker was exempted from internment on the recommendation of the Advisory Committee dealing with this question. The Home Secretary has given directions for a review of cases of all male enemy subjects exempted from internment or repatriation, especially with regard to the point whether they are doing work useful to this country, and Baedeker's case will be reviewed like the rest." As that was written in March, it may be assumed that the result of Baedeker's case being reviewed is that he has been confirmed in his exemption, and that he is still free to pile up money to the detriment of British traders, to amass wealth in a country which his own countrymen are endeavouring to destroy. There are British citizens in Birmingham quite capable of conducting all necessary business connected with the making of cycle accessories. The farcical suggestion that it is "in the interest of British export trade" that this should be done by a German, as being "work useful to this country," is a monstrous fiction only possible of conception in a mind effusively and solely official. The public has had far too much of this protection of enemy aliens, and long ago recognised in it the influence of the "Hidden Hand."

A MAGDALENE'S PLEA.

PATHETIC APPEAL OF A WORKHOUSE MOTHER.

There is much that is touching and much that is worth thought in a letter which comes to us from "The Institution," Wandsworth; the name of the writer no matter. Her own words will be the best. "Besides myself," she says, "there are many healthy and strong young women and girls in this place who are bound to stay here through the crime of having had a child. Don't you think, in times like these, when there is so much to be done and so few to do it, that there should be a remedy for this? I myself appeared before the Wandsworth Board of Guardians to-day to make an application for my child to remain here a week or two while I went out to get a post and find a foster-mother. The answer bullied at me was, 'The best place for you is to stop here.' My baby, a son, and very healthy, is now five months old, and by what I can see of it he will be as many years before I am given a chance of going out once more into the world and making good. Is there no home or place where these children of us unfortunate girls could be placed for a few shillings weekly? I myself am 29, and only one of a great many. It's not so very long since the shirking of motherhood formed a very interesting topic. Oh, that some of the shirkers would help us poor miserable sinners!" Failing them, one would think Guardians could do something effective to straighten out the problem in such cases. Our Magdalenes are many, but because they are Magdalenes—more often through weakness than through depravity—that is no reason why they should not be given every possible chance to make good. Encumbered with a child, it is at the best difficult for a woman to struggle back redeemed into the life she has lost; at the worst, it is almost hopeless. In our ignorance, we have always taken it for granted that there were institutions or *crèches* where unfortunates of the type of this one—evidently not without some education—could leave their little ones while, encouraged and assisted, they went out once more to look the world in the face with heart and hope.

BETTERING THE BAIT.



JOHN BULL: "Now if *I'd* been fishing, Bonar, I should have used this for ground bait!"

THE DEADLY PARALLEL.

WHY SMILES IN ONE CASE AND SHARP SENTENCE IN THE OTHER?

Most of our readers will have felt a little human glow whilst reading the newspaper reports of the "runaway" wedding of Capt. Dennis Wyndham and a daughter of Lord Inchcape. Far be it from us to say anything to throw a damper upon this creditable feeling, but as regards the action of the military authorities upon one particular point we think a few words necessary. It will be remembered that, in the course of our recent articles championing the cause of ex-Lieut. Smyth, we showed how, when deserted by his wife, he over-stayed his leave by a few hours, was promptly arrested by the Assistant Provost-Marshal, conveyed to Scotland Yard, kept in a cell for two days, tried by court-martial and severely reprimanded, this Draconic sentence subsequently leading to his being called upon to resign. Captain Wyndham, too, over-stayed his leave, it being cancelled—as was Smyth's—apparently at the instance of someone who wished to separate him from the lady he loved. However, for several days the gallant Captain dodged the Provost-Marshal and his myrmidons, and was not "arrested"—the quotation marks are those of a journalist who "wrote up" the story at some length—until the day after the marriage ceremony had been performed. To continue the quotation: "'That P.M. was a splendid fellow,' commented Captain Wyndham. 'He took us both to his house and served us with a capital breakfast. I was allowed to get into uniform at once and was subsequently tried by a General, who reprimanded me. I told him candidly the reason why I had been absent without leave, and there was no bitterness about his reprimand. In fact, he seemed to be smiling over it.'" What a contrast! No wonder poor Smyth—who is back in "Blighty" after being wounded while fighting as an ordinary Tommy—feels that he has not been fairly treated. However, he is—we are glad to say—still eager to "do his bit."

A HASTY CONVICTION.

UNPROVED CHARGE AGAINST A MARRIED WOMAN.

"Stealing by finding" is a charge calling for extreme care on the part of the prosecution, and in a case lately heard at South Shields something less than adequate proof of guilt was accepted by the Bench. The defendant, a married woman of good character, named Emma Cockburn, was fined 40s., with a guinea costs, or in the alternative a month's imprisonment, for the alleged theft of a £1 note which she had picked up from the floor at a local branch of Lloyd's Bank. She had immediately reported her "find" to the cashier, who apparently had not dissuaded her from keeping it. It is, of course, an accepted principle of law that the finder of lost property has a lawful title against anyone but the rightful owner, and it was not, therefore, until a later stage that criminal suspicion against the woman was aroused. A customer of the bank, missing a £1 note from his wallet, returned to make inquiries, and was directed to the house of Mrs. Cockburn, who had left her address with the cashier—a further circumstance hardly compatible with an intention to steal. From this point, the defendant's story was corroborated by a witness, whose evidence the prosecution were unable to rebut, or even seriously to question. When the owner of the note called on Mrs. Cockburn, he found that a man had claimed it the previous evening, the defendant's theory being that her husband had been talking about the matter in a neighbouring public house, and that a fraud had been committed. Whatever may be thought of the probability of this suggestion, and it seems to us by no means an unlikely one, it was certainly not disproved; and in view of the slenderness of the evidence for the prosecution, and the willingness of the defendant's husband to make restitution, we deplore the readiness of the South Shields Bench to convict a woman of admitted good character upon such an odious charge.

STILL MORE TRUTH F

Haig's Great Secret—All Optimists

By THE E

MOST of my readers know that I long since discarded the mantle of the Prophet. It was not because I found my data wrong, but there were so many people—Politicians, I think they are called—possessing, *and exercising*, the power to interfere in the conduct of the war, that everybody's calculations (including those of the Generals in the field) were being so constantly upset, and I came to the conclusion that all prophecy—whilst that state of things endured—was in the nature of guess work, and decided to abandon it. I think it was Disraeli who once said, "Against the schemes and devices of the clever you may guard, but no human ingenuity was ever equal to grappling with the unconscious machinations of stupidity." Think that over; it is the key to the history of this war.

The Optimism of the Trenches.

But I *can* bring you the message with which I was entrusted when in the trenches. You find no two opinions there. "We've got them beat," sums it all up. And the boys in the hospitals tell the same tale. And, as I have already shown, you will not find a very different story in the High Command. It is only the Politician who is lugubrious—"We are in for another year of it," he will tell you. What I want to know is, who tells *him!* Not the soldiers, I'm certain. I suppose it's his way. He must make a show, you see. Yes, I prefer Tommy's opinion—and also the evidence of my own eyes. Let me give a couple of illustrations. I have already, in another article, told how, whilst I was in the trenches, the General Commanding ordered a brigade salvo to be fired into a certain wood. That meant that every gun of the brigade—twenty-four in all—was simultaneously turned upon the enemy lines; and I witnessed the devastation which was wrought. Well, a year ago that salvo would have been answered by one of two-fold intensity—and yet, on this occasion, we waited for the reply, and none came. "They haven't the shells to spare," said the General. Then, after we had left the trenches, and were crossing some open ground, we got a signalled message to the effect that an observation balloon of the enemy had spotted us, and we were directed to separate and lie down. But, except for one abortive shell—which dropped very wide of us—nothing happened, and we continued our journey until we got into some natural cover. Commenting on these two incidents, the General said: "There you have a fine object-lesson in the way in which the Boche is obliged to conserve his ammunition. He is growing weaker and weaker every day, whilst we are not only sending him three shells to one but are daily increasing our stock." As to Tommy, he regards the war as won, and is only longing for the order to advance. "It will be all over by Christmas," he told me, everywhere I met him. What a "fatuous optimist" he is! And yet he ought to know. In the same way—as I have already explained—all the German prisoners with whom I talked told the same story. The truth is, they are all waiting for Haig. That he has got the Boche fairly under is shown by every official Berlin report—if only you know how to read between the lines. As I write, I have before me the German Headquarters' Wireless on last Thursday's fighting. Notice the exultant note because the enemy didn't do quite so badly as a week before! "Troops belonging to every German Province had a share in the *success* of the day, which brought the enemy *even less gains of territory than the battle of September 20th.*" A "victorious" army which can find consolation in such a result is, indeed, an enigma. A few more such "successes"—and the game is up.

Haig's Great Secret.

The question is, what will Haig do next? Many people are of opinion that he intends merely to consolidate his positions and then wait for America—and, perhaps, Japan too—before striking his decisive blow; others, that what is now happening is but the prelude to a series of smashing attacks, which will get the Hun on the run before the winter. Well, we shall soon know now. In the meantime, that is Haig's great secret. How well he is keeping it only a very few know. I doubt whether even Lord Derby or Mr. Lloyd George is acquainted with it. Haig is essentially a military organiser and strategist—and, as a famous statesman put it to me a few days ago, he "suffers from lock-jaw"—in other words, he doesn't talk about his plans. He is a man of mystery—never in a hurry, never ruffled. I was much impressed, whilst at Headquarters, with the implicit faith which every member of the Staff has in him. In the middle of lunch he quietly left the table and went into his office—which was the adjoining room—where he remained a quarter of an hour, quite alone. "The Chief has thought of something," said one of the A.D.C.s—"something important, to leave us like this." In my simplicity I remarked: "Perhaps he'll tell us when he comes back." All the officers laughed—"The Chief tells *nobody* (with great emphasis on that word) *anything*," they said. *Doesn't* he? I thought to myself. You see, I had been alone with him for some time before lunch; and although it would be affectation to say, or to imagine, that he would confide things to me he withholds from his Staff, or from the Politicians, I think we understood each other. Do you remember that silly old story about Queen Victoria and Gladstone—that at a famous interview at which the G.O.M. strongly opposed Her Majesty's wishes, he was reminded by her that "I am the Queen of England, sir," and that he replied, "And I, madam, am the *People* of England"? Well, perhaps—only "perhaps"—Haig thought I was the Man in the Street; and I do honestly believe that he let me gather things about the future. Still, I don't profess to any exclusive information—but I shall stand on Tommy, and *am ordering my Christmas dinner.*

Tommy's Grievances.

But, optimistic and cheerful as he is, you must not imagine that Tommy has no grievances. And I should be false to the trust with which he honours me if I

FROM THE TRENCHES

ists Out There—Tommy's Grievances.

E EDITOR.

did not give them voice. I asked the boys to jot down the main matters of complaint; and I think they are summarised under the headings of Leave, Pay, Field Punishment, Military Policing, Short Rations, and Cushy Posts at the back which might be filled by wounded officers and others—thus releasing able men for the trenches. I discussed these, and other questions, with Sir Douglas Haig and various officers—and I am hopeful that good results may follow. I have also made it my business, since my return, to see Lord Derby personally upon the subject, and I have his assurance that every legitimate complaint—especially in the matter of Leave—shall receive immediate and sympathetic consideration. And I am certain that he is sincere. At any rate, I am proud to be Tommy's Ambassador, and to reiterate—once again—my pledge that "*No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied.*" We are all familiar with the platitude that some day each of us will be asked—"And what did *you* do in the Great War?" For myself, I shall be satisfied if I am able to say, "I was the soldier's and the sailor's friend."

An Abiding Memory.

Well, as I write, a fortnight has already flown since my wonderful visit to the Front. Yet still the scene haunts me. How wonderful it all was may be gathered from this extract from a letter received a few days ago from a very distinguished officer: "We are still talking about you. Since you were here we are all feeling bucked up—the men especially. The popularity of John Bull and its Editor is most remarkable—there is nothing like it out here. And they are all so proud of the thoroughness of your visit. *You may take it from me that no civilian has seen the things you saw*, and there is no harm in saying now that we were all very relieved when you turned up safely at H.Q. after that day in the Trenches." Ah, but it was worth while. To have seen the boys fighting; to have sat with them, and shared their steak and chips, in the dug-outs; to have talked with them in hospital and in camp; to have spent half-a-day on the Somme battlefield—described by me elsewhere; to have mused amongst the ruins of Arras and Albert Cathedrals, with their Holy Virgins, unscathed, defying the devilry of the Hun, uncanny in their loneliness and solemnity; to have enjoyed the austere hospitality and the confidence of Headquarters; to have cross-examined German prisoners and wounded; to have stood on the fields of Agincourt and Crecy, and mentally compared the methods of those distant days with those of modern warfare; to have witnessed thrilling battles in the air; to have stood in a cemetery of five thousand silent graves—each of a splendid lad who but as yesterday knew nothing of war; to have held the hand of the dying; to have seen our glorious troops on the march and in reserve; to have crossed and recrossed the Channel in all the pomp and circumstance of war—these were surely experiences which any man might envy. They were, at any rate, the education of my life. I require no other university. When I now write or speak about the war I understand the subject of my discourse; and it is a greater thing than any I had dreamt before. It is, in sober truth, Armageddon. Never again, if there be a God, can there ever be such a Devil's Holiday. The powers of evil are having full play—soon to be crushed for evermore. The carcass of Germany is being slain that her soul may be saved—purified by fire and sword.

How Haig Struck Me.

Meanwhile, my mind instinctively reverts to a certain villa in an obscure spot in France, in which sits and watches and works a great silent man—on whose shoulders rests the destiny of the British Empire. His name is Douglas Haig. To most of you he is only a name; you read it in the daily despatches from the Front, and it connotes to you simply the Field Marshal Commanding the British Forces in France. To me, however, it bears a deeper significance. It visualises a handsome, imperturbable and fascinating personality—with all the modesty and unconsciousness of real greatness. And I have made it my business to ascertain to what extent my estimate of the man is shared by those whose opinions count. And this I say, without an atom of reservation—whether it be the Politician or the Soldier, there is unabated, absolute trust and confidence in him. I say this with more emphasis because of the sinister rumours which have from time to time been afloat to the effect that there was to be yet another change in the Chief Command. I am in a position to say that there is not a scintilla of foundation for that report. Between Lord Derby, Sir William Robertson, and Sir Douglas Haig there is a bond of closest union—which is as it should be; and which is one of the secrets of our success in the field. Personally, I was profoundly impressed with the man. He is a great man—a quiet man—a shrewd man. Let me give you a little illustration of the unconscious simplicity of his character. I was lunching at Headquarters. The company consisted of Sir Douglas, five of the principal members of his staff, and myself. No servant was in the room. Each of us walked to the sideboard and helped himself—Sir Douglas passing around the vegetables, just like any footman or waiter. And he is the Commander of the British Army in France! He talks little, but there is a merry twinkle in his eye—especially when you ask him how long the war will last! There is an entire absence of "side" about him, or of outward concern at the hugeness of his task. But he emits magnetism from every pore of his body, and commands obedience and respect. In short, he is a General. Let the prayers of every one of us go out for him to-day. In all the history of the world no man has ever been entrusted with a greater or more sacred task. He is God's Messenger—all unconsciously, perhaps, the Herald of a New Civilisation, when war shall be no more. On his shoulders the Burden—on yours and mine, the Sacrifice; and to all of us, if worthy, the Great Reward.

WHO INSPECTS THE INSPECTORS?

"THIS IS THE WAY THE MONEY GOES, THE MONEY GOES."

This information is put before us as authentic: There is in Sheffield an aeronautical inspection department, whose business it is to pass or condemn all steel made in the city for aeroplane purposes. A few months ago the staff of examiners numbered about ten, and even at that time they had more leisure than work. Since then the staff has grown so rapidly that there are now no fewer than thirty examiners, who spend most of their time in the popular cafés of the city. Above them are officers in khaki, trench boots, and other picturesque equipment usually worn by men in the fighting service. These distinguished persons take from £8 to £10 a week, work from two to four hours a day, and even so do not feel fatigued. The examiners, however, say they do all the work—when there is any to do, and this may be so. Discharged soldiers who have been given positions in the place regard the whole business as disgraceful. The local manager, they say, is bent on having as big a staff as possible, and retains general service men who could be released. Men practically start when they want to and knock off when they please. What there is to do could probably be done by half the staff. Still, with an eight-million-a-day war on the Government have plenty of money to play with, and if they have not they can always raise another war loan.

DODGING THE CONTROLLER.

SOME TIPS TO LORD RHONDDA *RE* MEAT.

Lord Rhondda would do well to pay a visit to the Meat Market *incog.* and get into touch with some of the hundreds of small butchers who supply the bulk of the London public and who attend daily to obtain their supplies. Had he been a few days ago at a certain stall, he would have had his eyes opened to the conspiracy, which is undoubtedly on foot, to crush the small butcher and his competition. Lamb, both English and frozen, seems to be literally the "bone of contention," every possible obstacle being placed in the way of the small man getting any. Unless some of the Meat Salesmen receive substantial bribes, which the big stores and shops give and the smaller man cannot, there is practically no chance of the latter getting a smell of lamb or mutton. This deplorable state of things is no secret; it is loudly denounced in the Market, and on the day referred to two lambs were actually taken off one stall by the smaller men and the stall-holder defied to recover them. To get over the controlled prices dodgery is now being practised wholesale. For instance, cut carcasses are allowed to be sold at a penny a pound over the whole carcass price. One or two pounds of the skirting of the breast of a sheep are therefore cut off, and the carcass is then sold at the advanced price all round—a difference of over five shillings on each carcass. So the merry game of bluffing the Food Controller goes on and the British public suffer!

"ENOUGH FOR HER KEEP."

IF NOT, LET HER TRY THE WORKHOUSE.

We have had sent to us by a Northfield reader some correspondence which has passed between him and Councillor Harrison Barrow, the Chairman of the Birmingham "Citizens' Committee." Our informant has living with him an old servant, who claims to be in her 95th year. He has been making an endeavour to obtain from the Committee an increase of the Old Age Pension for this infirm old lady, and in reference to the matter wrote a long letter to Councillor Barrow, to which he answered:—

> With regard to your old servant I take it she is getting an Old Age Pension of 7s. 6d. per week, which should be enough to pay for her keep. Of course if she is very infirm and has no relations to look after her it may be much better for her to go to the infirmary, where she will be well looked after. The Citizens' Committee has very limited funds for civil cases and could not possibly assist all old persons who deserved help; but now the 5s. has been made 7s. 6d., I do not see any necessity for further assistance.

On receipt of this letter our informant replied challenging Councillor Barrow to prove his statements that 7s. 6d. per week is enough to pay for the keep of an aged and infirm Old Age Pensioner and that she would be well looked after in the workhouse infirmary. In retort, Councillor Barrow suggested that his correspondent should calculate for himself the amount which would be required in order to increase all Old Age Pensions by 2s. 6d. a week, and he would then realise how totally inadequate the few thousands in hand would be. But the real complaint against Councillor Barrow—who is the proprietor of Barrow's Stores in Corporation Street, and should therefore understand something about the price of food in these days—is his apparently stony insensitiveness to the truth that war profits and war conditions reduce 7s. 6d. to the value of about 3s. 6d. and a shade of fat bacon.

DEAR "DOREEN!"

ROMANCE IN AN UNLIKELY QUARTER.

"Doreen Mather," Room 52, Goschen Buildings, 12-13, Henrietta Street, W.C., is the latest to attempt to exploit our "Bullets" competition for unworthy ends. "My personal acquaintance with the Judges," she says, "enables me to keep well posted in regard to variations in the standard of judging which occur from week to week." If anyone is foolish enough to send "Doreen" money under the impression that "personal acquaintance with the Judges" is a woman's way of indicating a delightful little flirtation, in the course of which sweet nothings are interlarded with artful questions designed to lead to a breach of trust on the part of our employees, they will be rightly disappointed. There is little doubt that "Doreen" is of the masculine gender, whilst the only knowledge which our Judges possess of her is obtained from the "black list" which we keep of such shady individuals. "Doreen's" story is indeed romantic in more than one sense.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Why must poor Tommy drag his kit
Wherever he may go?
He's surely had enough of it
When he has faced the foe.

"Whisper and they will hear"—so think
The Bigwigs at Whitehall;
To *some* a nod's as good as wink,
But why not loudly call?

Our gallant Ally clearly shows
Our airmen that they must
Play tit-for-tat, and in their blows
Be sure to "get there fust."

Carry On!!

Carrying on is not easy!—Still we carry on!—the Boys manage it in face of big obstacles—they are helping us at home, and we are helping the Boys—we are carrying on—supplying the needs of the Army, and amongst these greatest needs is a constant and growing demand for WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum. It is a mighty big help to the lads who are carrying on. It is an essential feature of the modern battlefield. Prized alike by doctors and dentists and supplied to the Red Cross for use in hospitals.

Carry on! Send to your Soldier friends a supply. Enclose a packet in every letter.

WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum relieves fatigue, thirst, aids digestion, preserves the teeth and in a hundred ways is beneficial to health.

WRIGLEY'S

SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

Packet of 5 bars, 2½d.

Sold by all Confectioners, Tobacconists, Y.M.C.A. Huts, Government Canteens and Chemists (including all Branches of Boots Cash Chemists and Taylors Drug Co., Ltd.), etc.

WRIGLEY'S, LTD.

Lambeth Palace Road, London, S.E.1.

A MONEY-EARNING BOOK FOR YOU.

SPECIAL WAR TIME OFFER to the readers of "JOHN BULL."

In this time of supreme national trial, every man and woman must be prepared to undertake greater responsibilities.

We have published a series of beautifully illustrated books giving particulars of the opportunities that now await ambitious men and women in a number of profitable occupations.

If you are anxious to get a better position and increase your earnings we will send you one of these interesting and valuable books post free, and without obligation on your part, if you will cut out and forward the coupon below at once.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, LTD.
450, KINGSWAY, W.C.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book, describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X.

—Munition Work	—Coal & Metal Mining
—Business Training	—Mechanical Engineering
—Book-Keeping	—Draughtsmanship
—Salesmanship	—Electrical Engineering
—Shorthand-Typewriting	—Architecture & Building
—Shopkeeping	—Marine Engineering
—Advertising	—Steam Engineering
—Boiler Engineering	—Woodworking
—Gas Power Engineering	—Wireless Telegraphy
—Motor Engineering	—Poultry Farming
—Industrial Chemistry	—Agriculture
—Careers for Men	—Careers for Women

NOTE.—If the subject desired is not in the above List write it here.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

Look for the familiar orange-coloured box in the chemists' windows.

THE
Pain Goes!

What would you not give, when pain has you in its grip, to know the joy of the normal? Thermogene is the good Genie of Bliss to the pain-racked sufferer—a priceless boon when pain gnaws and stabs.

Never be without Thermogene if you would drive away threatening pain. Clap on a pad of Thermogene when pain attacks and help nature naturally to cure the ill.

You can get Thermogene in boxes from all Chemists at 1/1½ and 2/9. It needs no preparation. Is clean to use—sure in its work. Is as effective with the athlete as with the child, and cannot harm either.

THERMOGENE
CURATIVE WADDING

THERMOGENE
proved relief for:

Rheumatism
Bronchitis
Lumbago
Sciatica
Neuralgia
Chest Colds
Sore Throats
Sprains
Muscular Pains
* Pleurisy
* Pneumonia

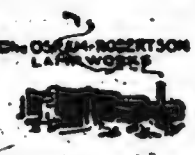
* Also seek Medical advice.

FREE. *Send a postcard to the Themogene Bureau (510), Haywards Heath, for a free copy of the Illustrated Booklet describing the Thermogene Treatment.*

Made at Hammersmith

OSRAM
G.E.C.
DRAWN WIRE
LAMPS

Exclusively the Product of
BRITISH CAPITAL
BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIAL



GRAVES
OF SHEFFIELD

Write for patterns, post free, of Suits, Overcoats, Cashmeres, Ladies' and Children's Paletots, Raincoats, Dress Materials, Household Drapery, etc., or Catalogues of Watches and Jewellery, Furs, Workers' and Boys' Clothing, Footwear, Sheffield Cutlery, Furniture, Prams, Cycles, Tyres, Gramophones and Records, Linen, Tea and Dinner Services, Sewing Machines, and Poultry Appliances, etc.

EASY — J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD — TERMS

An ideal holiday awaits you at NORBRECK.

NORBRECK HYDRO! The self-contained holiday resort—is waiting to welcome and give you your best holiday—unless you've been to Norbreck before! Within ten minutes' motor ride from Blackpool, where the invigorating, health-giving Westerly breezes banish worries and restore perfect health. The Hydro has half a mile of sea shore in its own grounds; 220 Bedrooms, Hot and Cold Water in each. Electric Lifts, Small Tables in Dining Hall to seat ... Musical Dinner, Tennis (12 courts), Bowling, Croquet, Clock Golf, Whist Drives, Concerts, Dances, Cinematographs in the evenings. All these included in tariff. Golf in our own grounds. Three Billiard Tables. Half-mile Sea Promenade on Grass. Splendid Bathing. Motor Garage. Luggage free on cars from station to Hydro. Write now for tariff and Hydro Journal to J. H. Sharrocks, Norbreck Hydro, nr. Blackpool.

FOUNDED 1890

THE INSURANCE POOL
FOR SELECTED RISKS

PRIVATE HOUSEHOLDERS' INSURANCES
NOW GIVE FREE COVER AGAINST WAR RISKS.

THE FAMILY COMPREHENSIVE POLICY
at 4/6 per cent.
With Pool privileges (including annual distribution of Profits)
is the most complete and secure Policy & the cheapest.

THE LICENSES INSURANCE CORPORATION & GUARANTEE FUND, LTD.
24, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

HEARD IN THE TUBE.

"TAKE SHELTER!"

Boom! Crash!!

Foreigner (*excitedly*): There it is! Did you 'ear it?

English Mechanic (*scornfully*): 'Course I 'eard it! Wot am I darn 'ear fur, you perishin' idjit, if it ain't on accarnt o' the bombs? 'Ere, missus, this bloke 'ere arst me if I 'eard it!

Matron (*contemptuously*): Think we're orl deaf, young feller? 'Ow is it you ain't in kharki, doin' yer bit, 'stead of down 'ere, 'idin' with the wimmin an' kids? You're young enuff, Gawd knows!

Foreigner: Mine your own business.

Matron (*incensed*): Don' chew tork ter me! You ain't a man. You're shakin' like a *h*ashpan leaf. You oughter be in the trenches, same as my boy is.

Mechanic: 'E's a dam' rotter, thet's wot 'e 'is—one o' them wot won't fight fur England an' won't fight fur Russia, but sit tight 'ere takin' the bread outer English men an' wimmin's mouths.

Official: Now then, now then! No quarrellin'. You don't wanter fight w'ile the bombs are droppin', do you?

Matron: That's orl right, inspector. We was only tellin' of 'im orf, the cowardly 'ound.

Boom! Crash!!

Foreigner (*shaking visibly*): There's another!

Mechanic (*losing patience*): 'Ere, git somewheres else, fur Gawd's sake! You're gittin' on me nerves.

Small Boy: Mummie, wasn't that a big noise!

Young Mother (*deathly pale*): Yes, dear. They can't hurt you down here. Don't be frightened, darling.

Small Boy (*sturdily*): I isn't frighted, mummie. I'se going to be a Boy Scout, an' Boy Scouts isn't frighted at anything.

Matron (*admiringly*): 'Ear that? *Thet's* the British spirit wot's goin' to w'ack the dirty 'Uns. 'Ere, Mister Inspector, carn cher git this young woman a drop o' water? She looks faint. Pull yerself together, my dear. You mustn't let yerself get scared, not w'en you're in the condition wot I see you are.

Official: No drinking-water down 'ere.

Boy Scout: 'Ere you are, missis, 'ave a drop out of my bottle.

Matron: Bless the boy! That's right, my dear. Jest take a sip. P'raps it'll ward it orf.

Mechanic: There oughter *be* water prervided down 'ere. Shimeful, I call it, no water.

Official: You needn't scowl at me. I ain't the management.

Facetious Workman: Wot abaht beer? Thet's wot there oughter be. Free beer. Proper beer, not arms an' legs.

Naturalised Britisher: To gif you Dutch gourage, hein?

Workman: Wot's thet? Say thet again, if you don't mind. I thort I caught a German *h*accent. P'raps I was mistook.

Naturalised Britisher: I tink I am ass goot Bridisher ass you, yes.

Workman: Then w'y don' cher tork like one?

Frenchman: *Il parle comme le Boche, n'est ce pas?*

Workman: Thet's French, ain't it? . . . Thort so. Put it there, mate. Three cheers fur Frawnce, an' damn an blarst the 'orrible 'Uns!

Official: Now then, now then! Not so much of it! Ladies present!

Policeman (*appearing from above*): All clear! Move off quietly, please. Now then, stop that pushing.

Matron: Thank Gawd it's orl over till nex' time. Come along, my dear. Let me see you 'ome. You're lookin' proper queer! [Exeunt omnes.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Northampton Daily Chronicle":—
"Capt. —— ——'s selections on the Hand Bills were a feature of the open-air service on the Market Square."

"Louth and North Lincolnshire Advertiser" (advertisement):—
"Good Donkey for Sale; Musical."

"Stratford Express" (advertisement):—
"Barmaid seeks Birth as Relief Hand; experienced."

"Leicester Daily Mercury" (advertisement):—
"Lost . . . Lower Set of False Teeth, from the Cinema de Luxe and Conduit Street."

"Observer and West Sussex Recorder" (advertisement):—
"Elderly Woman wanted for housework . . . help given with rough word."

"Manchester Evening Chronicle":—
"German Official. Also ran: Julian, The Vizier, Siller, and Pennant."

"Family Journal":—
"We are offering a Cash Prize of Ten Shillings to soldiers and sailors on active service for a good joke."

"The Scout":—
"Just then the doctor put his head through the door and said: 'Has anyone seen my hat?' Pat fainted."

I will teach You to Play the Piano Brilliantly, without Practice-Drudgery, Fatigue or Failure. You shall learn more from a few easy correspondence lessons than years of ordinary study and practice-drudgery can ever give you. Thousands have done so for twelve years. Modern, progress-compelling methods applied to ordinary music. Send a Postcard for Free Copy of my interesting, illustrated book,
"MIND, MUSCLE, AND KEYBOARD,"
which explains my methods and shows what my students say my System has done for their playing, and judge for yourself what it can do for you. I have also a course for Beginners, *who need not know a note.* Give merely full address (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and add the word Advanced, Moderate, Elementary or Beginner, as the case may be.

A Recent Letter.
Elementary.
"Will you accept my best thanks for a most enjoyable and fascinating Course of Lessons? I find it impossible to put into words how grateful I am. You have opened up a new and delightful world for me."
E. L., Leicester

Mr. H. BECKER,
81, Bristol House,
Holborn Viaduct, London.

STAIR CARPET
Write for a Post Free batch of Coloured Sheets, showing the wonderful beauty of Catesbys Stair Carpet and rich Rugs. Broad variety of patterns. Good for hard wear and beautiful in design.
CATESBYS LTD.
(Dept. 19), 64-67 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

Foster Clarks
The Creamiest Custard
Cream Custard

BRITISH MADE
Use Veritas Gas Mantles
Ironmongers, Lamp Fitters, Dealers etc.
Wholesale: Veritas Light Works, London, Glasgow & Manchester.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!
WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?
Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow DISCOUNT FOR CASH or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Established 28 years.
CHARLES RILEY, Desk 18, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.
Please mention "John Bull" when writing for Lists

AUTHORS who cannot sell articles and stories may learn why. *Gratis* criticism and advice. Send short specimen MS. with stamps for return to Advisory Bureau, Practical Correspondence College, 12, Thanet House, Strand, W.C. 2.

FREEMANS CUSTARD
There's nothing else quite so good.
DEVONSHIRE

Our New Safety Model
With 1 coupon 5/-
12 coupons 4/-
Postage 2d.

The JOHN BULL Safety Model Pen can be carried in any position without fear of leakage. When closed for the pocket the nib section is drawn into the ink-barrel. It is an ideal pen for travelling purposes and is usually sold at 15/-.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.
By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and twopenny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 18 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.
DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.
Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
(October 6th, 1917.)
P.O.s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, *19th August, 1916.*

Contrary to Regulations.

May we point out to the Commander of a Highland battalion stationed at Richmond Barracks, Dublin, that it is contrary to Regulations to send C3 men out on a route in full marching order?

A Moth-Eaten Camp.

In a certain place in Suffolk, a large unit is under canvas. The condition of the tents suggests that they were first issued about the time of the Crimean War, and that they have since been under machine-gun fire. We pity the fellows in them.

The Ignorant Rookie.

Recruits posted to the Colours are in many cases badly swindled, so we suggest that each man on joining a regiment should be handed a card containing a full list of everything due to him. This would go far to stop the lamentable system of dishonesty.

"All Is Not Gold——."

Although making full allowance for the fact that the men at the Home of Rest at Golder's Green are all nerve patients, we are driven to the conclusion that the numerous complaints to us concerning their treatment merit attention. We, therefore, put it to some authority—outside the Home—that inquiry should be made into them.

A Word for the Youngsters.

We have a soft spot for the boys of 14 and 15 who patriotically rushed to the Colours in the early days, and became soldiers by concealing their ages. Many of them fought and were wounded, and were afterwards discharged on account of their youth. If any discharged soldier deserves a silver badge "for services rendered," it is the youngster who set such a splendid example to our "conscientious" curs and others. Yet they are denied it!

A Bit from Bangalore.

The civilians in Bangalore appear to be high-toned creatures, who are not only reluctant to get into khaki, but actually sneer at the soldiers on leave from Mesopotamia and elsewhere. All the best streets have been placed out of bounds for the heroes who offer their lives to protect the superior civilian scum in question. "It's Tommy This, and Tommy That——."

Not a "Sporty" Move.

Did General Lloyd or Lord Athlumney order bevies of "red-caps" to get into civilian clothing, so that they might more easily trap our soldiers? Whoever is in command at Liverpool might get into civvies himself, and watch the behaviour of those under his command—some of them conscientious objectors—in their endeavours to manufacture crime.

Be Kind to the Old Dog.

Half-way up the East Coast is a Military Station which has been much sought after by the Huns. A large number of Royal Defence Corps men are there—old, old soldiers. They work hard all day and at night lie on the floors, under blankets, but most of them minus waterproof sheets. The Brigadier General should have beds supplied to them.

A Way They Have at Thetford.

There is great dissatisfaction in the Thetford Labour Camp, and after investigation we sympathise with the grumblers. A large number of the men have been marked for discharge on medical or other grounds, but those with lowest pay are held back, while such as get higher rates are returned to civil life within a few hours—probably to save the State a few shillings. Other matters, with which we intend to deal, have also come under our notice in the same camp.

On the Question of Pay.

The treatment of soldiers in the matter of pay is in many units appalling, and a constant stream of letters of complaint pours in upon us day by day. The soldiers have the remedy in their own hands. They should insist on being allowed to initial their pay sheets and see that they get the sums noted. This is done in France and elsewhere, and should be done here.

Hands Off Cookie!

In part 1 Daily Orders of the Military Convalescent Camp at Woldingham, we notice a paragraph forbidding patients and staff to converse or walk with the female cooks within the Hospital bounds—which, by the way, have a radius of three miles. As several of the cooks have become married to patients, some of the men are inclined to the belief that this Order has been issued owing to the jealousy of other members of the female staff. Colonel Hood is not to be congratulated on this disciplinary measure, which should be cancelled.

Why Not Jack's Wife?

An Admiralty Order has been issued which will increase by about 8s. the weekly amount that goes into the pocket of the dockyard employee's wife. What about the wife of the man who risks his life on the seas?

Give Them Their Dues.

We wonder what has induced the skipper of H.M.T. *Isonza* to conclude that his men are not entitled to "hard-lying" money. Having regard to the condition of affairs on board, we conclude that they *are* entitled to it.

Hungry and Forgotten.

We have a complaint from the crew of a paddle minesweeper, now at a South-Eastern Base, which was mined twice but patched up and sent to sea again. At the new Base the men seem to be nobody's children, and live almost entirely on hard biscuits and water. They have been so far forgotten, indeed, that a month's pay is overdue. Wake up, Whitehall!

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(*Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."*)

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. Our soldiers and sailors are giving their lives for us. Will YOU please help to make less the miseries of "the little things they left behind them"?

"Mrs. Jack's" Claim.

The wife of a bluejacket appealed to us to help her, she having received cold refusal from one of the public funds which promises, but does not perform. As she was ill, and required nourishment which she could not supply from her small allowance, we gladly helped Mrs. Jack, for the sailor's dependents are the last to ask, whilst he is the readiest to add his mite to the Fund.

Turned Down.

A soldier's wife has twin children lying ill, and could not pay rent when due, which added to her anxiety. The poor woman had no relative or friend to turn to, but she found a helper when she told us the facts of her case.

Lost Wife and Child.

Especially pathetic is it to have an appeal from a soldier to help us bury his child, when the mother of the little one has already gone. All, of course, that we could do was to give financial help—for which the poor fellow was grateful.

A Lift by the Way.

An ex-private, disabled, and unequal to a long tramp, asked us to pay his railway fare for a journey. The request was a small one, but we gladly granted it, as we like to render little kindnesses as well as large.

Discharged and Distressed.

A Tommy, after doing his bit, was discharged on the usual small pension. He came home to find two sick children, and a wife at her wit's end to know how to provide the necessary food. They applied to us, and we solved the problem for them.

His Health for His Country.

Unfortunately, in numerous cases our brave men, after enduring the uttermost at the various Fronts, come home unfit for the battle of life. A poor fellow asked us to help while he is laid up ill, and we were glad to cheer his sick bed.

A Jutland Case.

The wife of one of the heroes of the Jutland Battle went to see her husband in hospital, hoping to take him back with her on leave. He was, however, seized with a relapse, and after a fortnight's vigil at his bedside, the poor woman was stranded. We got her off the rocks.

Distracted.

A discharged Service man, with a wife and four children to support, has extra anxiety due to the fact that he is suffering from a bad form of heart disease. He is seeking such light employment as it is possible for him to follow, and in the meantime asked the "Soldier's Friend" to help him with a little money—which, of course, we did.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

G. A. L. (Mount Ngwibi) (9th contribution), £3; "Ex-Rfn. S.," 2s.; "Carlowrie," £1; C. D., 1s.; P. T. (Wallsend), 5s.; G. B. B., 3s. 6d.; J. B. (Canada), 2s. 6d.; "A Woman," 2s.; "M. G. C.'s Widow," 10s.; W. H. W., 5d.; "A Constant Reader," 1s. 3d.; Pte. T. S. (Liverpool), 7d.; S. A. J. K., £3; C. E. O., 10d.; Miss E. (Balham), 5s.; F. W., 2s. 6d.; C. T. P., 2s. 6d.; R. A. (Tooting), 1s.; L. W. (Leytonstone), 3s.; J. R. (Chelsea), 1s.; "Fag," £2; Part collection, Blind Aid Society, Brixton, (per H. H. B.) £1 10s.; J. W. A. (Bingley), £3 3s.; Collection, H.M.S. *Drumeltair* (per A. W.), £5 1s.; H. E. (Manchester), £5 5s.; Anon., 1s.; "Gunner, R.G.A.," 1s.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; W. N. H. (Newcastle), 1s.; Cpl. N., 1s.; R. W. L., 1s.; T. H. (Hull), Anon., 2s.; "A Widow's Mite," 6d.; A. F. (Ipswich), 2s.; Luderitzbucht Entertainment Society, £7 15s. 6d.; H. H., 1s.; D. G. O., 1s.; "Kitty," 5s.; R. P., 1s.; A. C., 2s.; "A Dundee Reader of JOHN BULL," 10s.; "Unfit" (Johannesburg), 9s. 4d.; "A Schoolboy's Effort," 1s. 6d.; "Fortunate," 10s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; T. N. K. R., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. F. (Essex), 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s.; R. M. S., 1s.; Lieut., Norfolk Regt., 1s.; J. D., 1s.; "Sympathiser in India," £7 10s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Friend," 1s.; P. H. C., 1s.; C. W. C., 2s.; F. S., 6d.; J. T. B., 1s.; A. J., 5s.; "M. A. G., Thankful," 3s. 6d.; Mrs. I. (Canterbury), 2s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Taxi Driver 8272," 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife" (Greenock), 1s.; F. H., 2s.; C. C., 5s.; A. J. W., 5s.; H. A. L., £1; E. H. (Auckland), £10; Collected amongst European traders at Kano, Nigeria, by Mrs. H. C. Edwards (per R. W.), £17 1s. 3d.; H. S. (Johannesburg), 25s.; "Members and Friends of the Kowloon Cricket Club," £20 15s. 5d.; "Corporal Home on Leave," 5s.; A. R. (Dukinfield), 1s.; J. W. B. (Shrewsbury), 1s.; "Old Hensby" (Brighton), 1s. 3d.; "Tell You After the War," 1s.; "One of the Boys," 1s.

Collecting Boxes.

LIPHOOK.—J. M. Ballry, Newsagent, Bramshott Camp, £1 0s. 6d.

DUBLIN.—Mr. Metcalfe, "The Deer's Head," 151, Gt. Britain Street, £1.

AIRCRAFT—The New British Industry.

WHAT IS BEING DONE TO SUPPLY PRESENT DEMAND AND PROVIDE FOR THE FUTURE.

Amongst the romances there is none which makes a greater appeal to the imagination than that connected with the history of flying. When one remembers that it was only fourteen years ago that the first flight was made in the air with a heavier-than-air machine, and that to-day aeroplanes are numbered by tens of thousands, that they are handled with perfect safety, and are as reliable in the hands of a skilful pilot as any boat that sails the seas or motor-car that runs on the roads, the astonishing progress made seems almost incredible. It is true that the beginnings of the romance were in times of peace. But flying before the war was a sport for the adventurous, the aeroplane a rich man's toy.

Its possibilities are but dimly comprehended. The war has changed all that. To-day there are thousands of aircraft built where but one was constructed before, and the aeroplane in the air is as familiar an object as a motor-car on the roads, and in some parts of the country as frequently to be seen. So it has come about that aeroplane construction has advanced to the position of a great industry, and is swiftly advancing to take a still greater position. Undoubtedly but for the war the industry could not have made such rapid advances.

Supplying the Demand.

The realisation of the value of aeroplanes as the eyes of the Army brought about the demand. The recognition of their value as a weapon of offence and defence increased the demand to such an extent that to-day it is practically unlimited, and, great as are the efforts to meet it, there is at the moment no immediate prospect of the supply overtaking the demand.

This state of things is due just as much to the energy and enterprise of the manufacturer as to the genius of the pioneers of aviation. Unless the builders of aeroplanes had built with brains as well as wood, and wire, and canvas, the industry would not to-day stand where it does. The conditions undoubtedly favoured them. They had but to build well, and purchasers were waiting to take delivery. No more suitable conditions for fostering a baby industry can be conceived, but unless those who went into it had been possessed of eyes to see, brains to plan, and hands to execute, the baby industry might have proved still-born. At least its progress would not have been so rapid, and those far-sighted men who foresaw the occupation of the kingdom of the air with vast fleets of stable aircraft might have had to wait many years before seeing the realisation of their visions.

Supremacy in the Air.

The future of aviation is now assured, and the needs of the world at large will require to be supplied. The question is not merely one of military command of the air, but of the provision of the great commercial fleet of aircraft which will be required in the future. In this country the production of aircraft has already reached a high degree of efficiency, and having established for itself a reputation for reliability, the aircraft industry of Great Britain should, with continuity of effort, hold the premier position in the world. Given such continued attention, with the necessary capital assured, the building of aircraft will attain a national importance as great as that of the shipbuilding industry. It is all a question of men and money, and of these there can be no doubt that the men are of the first importance. That they are forthcoming the history of the Whitehead factories makes evident.

The pace at which the business of Whitehead Aircraft, Ltd., has grown seems to have been set by the speed at which the products of the factories cleave the air. The Whitehead works are all of the most modern type, provided with up-to-date machinery. They came into existence through purely private enterprise. Supported by private capital for the express object of building aircraft for war purposes, they are prepared for the building of aircraft for commercial purposes when the time comes, and, in fact, are so equipped that they could be quickly organised to produce anything in metal or wood.

The Founder of Whitehead Aircraft.

It is to the initiative, energy, and resource of Mr. J. A. Whitehead that the amazing success of Whitehead Aircraft (1917), Ltd., is due. Mr. Whitehead had, as might be supposed, special qualifications for the work. He was a practical man, and personally able to take his place at the workman's bench. He had the open mind of the man who has studied industrial organisation in other lands than his own. He had taken a deep interest in aviation, which had led him to acquire an intimate and practical acquaintance with the industry and a first-hand knowledge of the manufacture of flying machines—valuable endowments all of these to the man who proposed to set about manufacturing aircraft on a large scale. Mr. Whitehead added to them a forceful personality, a real genius for organisation, and an unlimited capacity for work.

His is an enthusiasm which infects all who come into contact with him. The staff of skilled workmen he has gathered about him has become as interested in the success of the factory as himself. The results are seen to-day in the magnificent range of workshops covering many acres of floor space, wherein over two thousand workers are busily engaged; in the admirably situated estate of approximately 300 acres, which provides a superb aerodrome; and still more in the weekly tale of completed aeroplanes which leave the aerodrome by air for active service. The requirements of the censorship do not permit of the publication of details of such deliveries. Sufficient, therefore, to say that they are continually increasing.

The above is an excerpt from "Truth" of September 5th. Any of our readers who are genuinely interested in the development of the aircraft industry can have a copy of the article in full on application to Whitehead Aircraft (1917), Ltd., Dept. J.B., Richmond, Surrey.

In next week's issue of "John Bull" we will give an account of what is being done by Whitehead Aircraft to help build up Britain's supremacy of the air.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[*The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

J. L. (St. Austell).—We are not aware that Lloyd George was in Germany six weeks before the war began. It is more than likely, however, that he may be there six weeks after it's over.

H. L. M. (Glasgow).—So you think we are "the greatest living Englishman." Yet we take quite a modest size in hats.

R. S. (Kentish Town).—As you may know, we have already addressed a number of "gigantic" gatherings. For our next merry meeting we are considering the possibility of roofing in Hampstead Heath.

W. J. H. (Belfast).—We never used the term "Unionist rebels." Some of you gentlemen of the North are as touchy as a bag of fleas.

"An Indian" (Bankipore).—Glad you liked our "thoughtful article." You may be interested to know that it was written without the aid of black coffee or wet towels.

"Citizen" (Bicester).—When you suggest that our fighting men approve of a Stockholm conference and are ready for an inconclusive peace, you utter a foul libel which someone in your neighbourhood should take pleasure in cramming down your throat.

"Yorkshire Tyke" (Trowbridge). — It is refreshing to hear that some of our lads who are now busy killing Germans have decided to hang a few of the "Old Gang" politicians when they come home. And who, knowing their bad old "Party" tricks, will stretch out a hand to save?

"A Disgusted Parent."—We, too, should be glad to know how it is suggested that blinded soldiers should salute. They can scarcely be expected to detect the approach of an officer by their sense of smell.

"An Englishman."—"Don't you criticise a farmer again you Blithering old Editor before you have sense to know what an anxious time the farmer has got." But we *have* a farm!

"Alien Pilgrim."—"I reckon you put the pot on Zeppelins. Now, get all roof glass and skylights painted over (including Crystal Palace, Hun's best land-mark); then our airman will make a good bag of Germ ghouls with lost bearings." Take the shine out of them, in fact.

F. J. M. (Holloway).—"Come and say a few home truths to the Parliament Hill Socialists on a Sunday afternoon; it is your only free day!" But we are at it seven days a week—and nights too.

"Rations" ("On Service").—"I never grumble an' never care, An' never worry an' never swear, As long as I gets this bloomin' fare—Shackles an' bread, shackles an' bread, Bacon an' bully an' babies' 'ead." That's all right.

M. A. C. (Finsbury Park).—The Pope's peace wouldn't keep the nations very long out of war.

J. G. (Shrewsbury).—Your letter contains more clotted nonsense to the square inch than any we have read for some time. If you write again, choose a lucid interval.

I. P. (Lowestoft).—As far as we know, no "big bug" has yet been killed in an air-raid—although, to pursue your metaphor, the bombs have caught several fair-sized fleas on the hop.

Mrs. R. H. (Liverpool) hopes we shan't be a marked man for a Hun's bomb. We also have hopes.

"Tommy Atkins" (France).—"A lot of our chaps think you know everything, but personally I don't." You win in a canter.

"One of the Contemptibles" (Salisbury).—When English girls marry Chinamen, it is the girls we blame. But as the old lady said, "There's no accounting for tastes!"

E. E. (Tipton).—"Kindly publish this poem; I have done it for a good cause." You have no other excuse.

R. G. T. (B.E.F., France).—"What odds will you give me that Germany will not surrender on the 20th of September, 1917?" All London to a hayseed, seeing that that date is now past.

"Club" (Edgware Road).—Flattered to know that you are "waiting for us," but not quite clear what you want us to do. However, while you're waiting, don't stand in a draught.

"La Spionaggio."—"What are the functions of an ambassador?" In general, he is required to discharge ambassadorial duties—or, as some cynic has observed, "to lie abroad for the benefit of his country."

"A Belfast Irishman."—We have made no particular effort to get at "the real foundation of the birth-rate," although we have a few general ideas on the subject which your letter has failed to disturb.

J. M. H. (New Bond Street, W.).—Your letter appears to have been incorrectly addressed. There is no Mr. "Bommonly" at 93, Long Acre.

"White Heather."—You are at liberty to believe that Lord Kitchener is alive, a prisoner in Germany. You are also free to declare that the moon is made of green cheese. But you cannot compel people to agree with you.

J. S. (Canning Town).—When you can write a letter without filling two pages with foul language, shall be pleased to hear from you again.

T. R. C. (Sunderland).—"One of my mates, passing for Navy, went to the doctor, who told a lady doctor to examine him. He had to take all his clothes off and stand before a lady doctor." You make us blush. Surely your mate was "kidding" you?

F. H. (Darlington).—"Can you suggest anything to stop cockrels from crowing?" Cook 'em.

A. R. (Putney).—"My father, living near Clare, Suffolk, has six sons in the Army. Just because he complained of another man's five sons not being in the Army, he got a week's notice." Our love to dad, and may he have a better job by now.

"Mother" (nr. Belfast) says "Drink inflames the passions and destroys all the finer perceptions." Not if you don't overdo it. All the saints are not teetotal.

"Ora" (London, N.).—One verse: "Do you hear the coming glory like the rolling of the tide, That turns to fill the hollow of God's hand? 'Tis the marching of the nations in their glad and solemn pride, Returning to possess the Promised Land."

"Onlooker" (London) "would like to suggest that Covent Garden is the curse of the country." Shush! If it heard, it might throw a potato at you.

"Brum's Trams" (Birmingham). — The General Manager, Corporation Tramways, says conductresses do not work anything like the long hours mentioned; they are paid same rate as the men.

W. P. M. (Carlisle).—"The paper that has got the pull Is good old honest Johnny Bull; It gets wrongdoers in the neck And leave them quite a fissical wreck." Beautiful. Order yourself one bun.

B. O. B. (A.I.F., Brighton).—Don't worry about what other journals say derogatory to Colonials. We have no space to waste on such twaddle.

"Fed Up." (Colchester).—Your trouble seems to be that the authorities will not allow you to sleep in your trousers, although shapely pyjamas are an admirable substitute.

"Only a Woman" (Nottingham).—"My blood is at boiling point." You'd better see a plumber.

Miss E. O. (Sheffield).—Afraid can offer no dazzling original suggestion as to what you should do with a collection of tram-tickets. They may be useful to wrap up your sugar rations.

Mrs. S. P. (Bangor).—If that priest of your acquaintance really said that he would "rather see his parishioners in Hell than in khaki," you may inform him, with our compliments, that we would rather see him in a shroud than a surplice.

"Mother of Four" (Hanwell).—We do not for one moment suppose His Majesty would object to your taking cover in Buckingham Palace in the event of an air-raid in that neighbourhood. But the gentlemen who guard the gates might.

"Miss Indignant."—So you've been told we're a German, and think our name sounds Hunnish. If you were not obviously a perfect lady we should venture to remind you that any old lie is good enough to gull some people.

Mr. Geo. W. Hughes (Birmingham) tells us that the nibs bearing enemy names to which we recently referred, sold in this country in boxes marked "Guaranteed British Make," were manufactured by him for the foreign firms and were left on his hands when war broke out. Whilst giving publicity to this statement, we think these can hardly be the nibs for which the public's "decided preference" has elicited the grateful thanks of Mr. Hughes.

W. E. (Upton).—If there was any reward offered for the recapture of escaped Huns, it should go to the Denton farmer who rounded up the seven sleeping in a spinney. Otherwise, he must just remain proud of doing his duty well.

W. C. (Peterrook).—"The unco guid at home you see Would send us all to fight on tea, Let's round them up towards the sea And shunt them off to Germhuny." Bet you wrote that on Government ale!

Pte. T. McG. (Blackburn).—"A one-legged boy from hospital was charged, on a Darwen tram, one penny for luggage—his crutches. The passengers got the girl to return the money." Pretty mean spot, Darwen, if that's the regular fee.

Pte. J. L. (Upper Norwood) suggests that we should "institute a little footline competition weekly" for the best single lines announcing the virtues of the John Bull Pen. We are quite willing to give a few pens as prizes if our readers like to try their hands.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

COMPANY NOTICES.

BOOTS CASH CHEMISTS

(Eastern.)

A TRIBUTE TO LADY BOOT.

The ordinary general meeting of Boots Cash Chemists (Eastern) was held on Monday, September 24th, at the Midland Grand Hotel, Sir Jesse Boot, Bart., presiding.

The Chairman said: "I am glad to be able to congratulate our shareholders on the results of the year's trading. The business is being steadily strengthened. We have this year added some thousands of pounds to the reserve and contingency funds, and the amount carried forward has been increased from £17,372 to £19,279. We are trying—as far as is possible by the exercise of business foresight—to secure for our shareholders a steady and desirable dividend, free from fluctuation, and after a reasonable dividend has been secured, we desire our employees to share in the results of the trading. For the last six years those who are shareholders in any of the companies have been paid an extra 2½ per cent. per annum.

"This year, as last, we gave, in conjunction with our other companies, an extra week's pay to every employee, and you may form some idea of the magnitude of our trading when I say that this one extra week's pay cost the combined companies no less than £15,000. Apart from this, under our various bonus and profit-sharing schemes, we have distributed during this last year something like £5,000 amongst our retail managers.

"We have always felt how largely the successful conduct of the business depends upon the skill and ability of our qualified managers, and upon their attention to detail. Many of them have rendered long and faithful service. I am proud to regard them as personal friends, and I greatly regret that owing to physical disadvantages I am debarred from coming into more constant personal touch with them in their work. Some twenty-one years since we started a provident fund for the benefit of the qualified managers in recognition of their valuable services. Year by year we have voted sums towards it and added the accruing interest, until now, in the Eastern Company alone, we have £26,000 set aside for the fund.

"Each of the other companies also has its own amount set aside, and the total in March last aggregated £117,659, which, with interest added, will now be about £120,000. The interest on the fund is £6,000 per annum. We have placed the accounts of this provident fund in the hands of an eminent actuary, and instructed him to work out details of a practical scheme for its administration, which will be under the control of a joint committee of the qualified managers and directors.

"With regard to the benefit funds for the wives of our men in the Army, I may add that the companies will have paid some £9,500 during the twelve months of the current year, and I am glad to say that our employees remaining at work have contributed about £4,000 to these particular funds.

British Manufactured Fine Chemicals.

"I now pass to a topic of what may fairly be called national interest. Two years ago I mentioned that the parent company was beginning the manufacture of a number of fine chemicals which, before the war, were made only in Germany. To accommodate these undertakings and their accessory research laboratories, we have had to erect extensive new buildings, and we have put down plant and apparatus for this purpose alone of a value of no less than £200,000. I believe that this outlay will be fully justified by results, and I consider that in this range of our undertakings we are rendering an important national service in a two-fold direction. For not only are we building up a great and essential national industry, but we are also helping very materially to bring prices down to a more reasonable level than that to which they were soaring. We have supplied very many tons of aspirin to the Allied Governments at continuously reduced prices.

"We have sent tons of this abroad to meet the foreign demand, but for which prices here must have ruled much higher than the present current rate. Owing to the war the demand is enormous; when our plant is complete, we shall be able ourselves to supply almost entirely the normal British demand.

"In addition to dealing with the chemicals formerly made in Germany, our Research Department has been busily engaged in working out details for the manufacture, in quantity, of some remarkably efficient articles introduced to the medical profession by Dr. Dakin, who published the formulæ of them for the public good. Two of these—Chloramine-T and Halazone—have been extensively used with admirable results.

"The former is an antiseptic; Halazone tablets have proved most effectual for the sterilisation of impure drinking water, they are free from some of the disadvantages of Bisulphate of Soda tablets, are a more powerful steriliser, and can be sold at a cheaper rate. Two other articles, the marvellous properties of which much has been written lately, are Proflavine and Acriflavine. We are making both.

Place aux Dames!

"I come now to the vacancy on the board of directors caused by the death of my friend Sir James Duckworth, which has since remained unfilled, and the proposal which I am about to make will mark a new departure in the history of the company. It is that the new director should be a lady. That, of course, is quite in sympathy with the general tendency of the time.

"Lady Boot has a long business experience which few women of the time can claim to equal, and it is no secret to those who have any inside knowledge of this company's affairs that to her belongs the credit of having largely assisted me in bringing our shops up to their high standard of artistic excellence in the matter of their fittings and adornment. Lady Boot has also, for many years, been responsible for the development of what I may call the toilet and gifts branches of our business—in all their manifold forms—and I need not say how attractive these departments have proved to the women of this country.

"But that is only one of the reasons why I propose that Lady Boot should take the vacant place on the board of the company. The other is of even greater weight. It is that, as the staff of the company becomes more and more recruited from women, there should be a woman member of the board who has special sympathy with, and knowledge of, their wants and feelings."

The resolution to adopt the accounts was carried unanimously.

AIRCRAFT ACCIDENTS.

THE NATIONAL BENEFIT LIFE AND PROPERTY ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED.

£1-1-0 Policy

Age Limit: 15 to 65 years.

Is still available and Insures You for

£1,000 Death, or Loss of 2 Limbs or 2 Eyes.

£500 for Loss of 1 Limb or 1 Eye.

£6/6/- Per Week during Total Disablement.

£1/10/- Per Week during Partial Disablement. Payable for 52 Weeks.

Annuity for Five Years of £52

If Permanently Disabled other than by loss of Limbs or Eyes. All Non-combatants accepted.

HALF BENEFITS—HALF PREMIUM.

SEND TO-DAY FOR PROPOSAL FORM

To Head Offices, National House, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

Established 1890. | Assets £1,000,000.

BUY PYJAMAS

BY POST.

If you live away from London or cannot call at our stores, send your order with cash by post, stating size of collar, length of sleeve and leg. Money returned if not entirely satisfied.

Taffeta Flannel Pyjamas. Per suit, 21/-, 16/6, and 12/6

Ceylon Flannel. Medium weight Pyjamas. Per suit 12/6

Heavy Winter Flannel Pyjamas. Per suit, 21/-, 18/6 ... ... 15/6

Fine Pure Wool. Medium weight. Price per Suit 21/-

Also a large variety of good Pyjamas in various materials from 5/11

Order by post or call at

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.

101-102 CHEAPSIDE, E.C. 2, and REGENT STREET, W.1.

"Yes, Sir! Your Fit."

Our "BURLINGTON"

Suit is made by Tailors who have made an art of Mail Order Tailoring. Wherever you live—village, town, or city—we guarantee to please you, with a stylishly made suit of warranted fabric of newest patterns. We will strive so well to please you that Catesbys are sure to become your permanent tailors. Our Catalogue illustrates the latest London style suits, our home measurement form gets you a perfect fit, and our patterns show exclusive fabrics from British looms. Our Guarantee form ensures you satisfaction or your money back.

"Burlington" Suit, 55/- EASY TERMS.

CATESBYS Ltd.

(Dept 19), Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

"PYLITNA"

A GENUINE CURE FOR PILES.

Hæmorrhoids (Piles) are caused by the disordered functions of the system which cannot be corrected by external remedies.

"PYLITNA" POWDERS

taken in warm milk or water are a genuine cure. Guaranteed harmless.

Of Chemists and Stores 3/- per box, or post free

"Pylitna." 3, Farringdon Rd., London, E.C.1.

1ST PRIZE £1,000

'BULLETS' GREAT BIRTHDAY OFFER!

2ND PRIZE £100

OVER 10,000 PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	100 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 5/-	2,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	7,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

OVER 10,000 PRIZES

Your last chance!

Closing Date, Thursday, October 11th.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(256) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____
Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 256, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, October 11th.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(256) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, October 11th.

Example _____
Bullet

Example _____
Bullet

(256) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed _____
Address _____

Result of Competition 254 will be found on the opposite page.
Complete List of All Cash and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 256.

WHEN HAIG STRIKES
THE BRITISH ARMY
WHAT BOTTOMLEY SAYS
BACK FROM THE TRENCHES
STAGGERING HUMANITY
WHEN GERMANY TUMBLES
WHAT RUSSIA WANTS
BLUNT SPEECH
WHEN PACIFISTS MEET
BRINGING WAR HOME
CIVIL SERVICE
WON'T COME OFF
WITHOUT BEER
A BIT THICK
BLUE BOOKS
FINDING BETTER 'OLE
WHEN CAT'S AWAY
PRETTY NURSE
THE LITTLE ONES
HANGING TOGETHER
A DIRTY TRICK
FIRST CIGAR
DREAMING OF HOME
MY WIFE'S MOTHER
WAR SPOILS
AT DONINGTON HALL
HOUSEMAID'S KNEE
NO LAUGHING MATTER
WHAT TOMMY LIKES
WHOLESALE ROBBERY
TAKES THE BISCUIT
SHOCKING MISS
WHAT WOMEN WEAR
WHEN BABY CRIES
FATHER'S EXCUSE
PLOT THAT FAILED
MAKES SERGEANT SWEAR
RAMSAY'S SEAT
PLEASES THE PROFITEERS
THE KAISER'S CONSCIENCE

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the 40 examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These Examples will help you:—

Example:—FATHER'S EXCUSE.
Bullet:—NOT ALWAYS CONVINCING.

Example:—WHAT WOMEN LIKE.
Bullet:—LITTLE THAT COSTS LOT.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated October 27th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated September 29th.

YOUR LAST CHANCE!

£1,000 1ST PRIZE

3RD PRIZE £50

Result of 254th "Bullets Competition."

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

O. HINCHCLIFFE, Naval Centre, Sheerness.
Example:—CHILLY RECEPTION.
Bullet:—THE MOON BY LONDONERS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Mr. J. A. BAIN, 68, Haugh Road, Inverness, Scotland.
Example:—STORM BREWING.
Bullet:—HALDANE KEPT THAT SECRET.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:—

Mr. ERNEST A. PURCELL, 1b, Dagmar Road, Victoria Park, Dorchester, Dorset.
Example:—THE WRONG CARD.
Bullet:—FOR "SUGAR"—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. A. HARPER, 93, Kingston Road, Birmingham:
GOOD HIDING—GERMANY "ON THE KNEE."

Pte. F. G. BAIN, 92014, R.A.M.C., "C" Section, B.E.F., France:
WHEN WIFE'S AGREEABLE—"NO DISPUTING" OUR HAPPINESS.

Mrs. B. WOOD, 1, The Mead, Hartley, Cranbrook, Kent:
RUNNING AWAY—GERMANY—IF RUSSIA WASN'T.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. H. W. IRWIN, 234, Pontefract Rd., Cudworth, Barnsley:
GOOD HIDING—SCARCELY DESCRIBES REVUE DRESS

Mr. F. C. SMART, 4, Pentonville, Newport, Mon.:
DRINKING WATER—FOOLS FOR THEIR "PAINS."

Col.-Sergt. J. A. MERRITT, Training Res. Batt., Rugeley Camp, Staffs.:
MILITARY POLICE—NEVER CAPTURE A TRENCH.

Mr. C. BARRON, King Street, King's Lynn:
STORM BREWING—"SHOOTING CORN" TRAMPLED ON.

Mr. W. P. MURPHY, 24, Myrtle Grove, Weaste, Manchester:
TOMMY'S REWARD—ADEQUATE UNLESSS GOVERNMENT "SCAMPS.
(Sent in on a free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. B. T. REEVES, 3, Phillip Sidney Rd., Sparkhill, B'ham:
TOMMY'S REWARD—MUST BE "ABOVE BOARD."

Mr. G. R. HARRISON, 32, Mill St., Stockton-on-Tees:
WHEN KAISER SPEAKS—OPENING MOUTH, SHUTS EYES.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. G. WHITEHURST, 17, Kinsey Street, Silverdale, Staffs:
GETTING OFF — GERMANS THOUGHT WERE NATURALISED.

Miss A. COLES, 26, Richmond Wood Road, Bournemouth:
MILITARY POLICE—THE ARMY'S "MRS. GRUNDY."

Mrs. E. BOWEN, 71, Florence Rd., Smethwick, Birmingham:
GETTING OFF—THRONES, APPARENTLY GERMAN QUEENS.

Mr. R. E. SHAW, 86, Grasscroft Street, Stalybridge:
RUNNING RIOT—FALLACIES, THROUGH PACIFISTS' ARGUMENTS.

Mr. I. WILD, 7, Pelham Street, Ashton-under-Lyne:
BLINKING FACTS — CULTIVATED CONSCIENCES. NOTHING ELSE.

Sergt. A. PATERSON, C.A.S.C., 2, Waterloo Road, Cranbrook, Kent:
THE BRITISH PRESS—RECTOR THINKS PARISH MAGAZINE.

Miss I. STEWART, "Ivy Bank," Uttoxeter, Staffs:
RATIONING THE NEUTRALS—THEN THERE'LL BE NONE.

Mr. P. BUSS, 50, Boundary Rd., Wood Green, London, N.:
MILITARY POLICE—WANTED BADLY IN RUSSIA.

Mr. JOHN WILSON, Signal Cabin, Mallaig, N.B.:
OUR FOREMAN—RAVES ABOUT "UNSEEN HAND."

Mr. DOUGLAS MALLETT, 3, Brockley Road, Cliftonville, Margate:
TOMMY'S REWARD—INSUFFICIENT HE SWEARS.

Closing Date, Thursday, October 11th.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(256) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

Signed.....

Address.....

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified dates*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

GEORGE LEWIS, c/o Mrs. Lucas, 50, Kentwood Road, Sneinton, Nottingham. August 25th. No. A477,880.

REES WILLIAMS, 20, Stuart Street, Merthyr Tydfil. September 8th. No. 516,706.

CHARLES A. EYDMANN, 7, Frederick Street, Aldershot, Hants. September 8th. No. A229,916.

GEORGE W. DRAYTON, 39, Pickering Street, Armley, Leeds. September 8th. No. 433,166.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of September 29th:—

037,105	328,050	603,743	967,593	A249,945
069,819	349,449	629,480	995,112	A274,588
091,600	397,750	665,774	A029,590	A307,414
102,782	410,213	678,193	A056,438	A361,025
145,670	433,878	735,559	A093,921	A430,371
183,119	442,034	780,254	A114,133	A452,627
214,520	471,050	814,492	A158,885	A496,949
253,586	486,194	857,576	A176,621	A510,314
277,314	549,374	892,340	A192,040	A548,297
296,338	567,481	938,682	A235,325	A562,964

The A prefix indicates that it is plus a million.

The fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Oct. 10th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for Sept. 29, 1917, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 078,246 and A397,418. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb.	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye.	£100
Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks.	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

October 6, 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

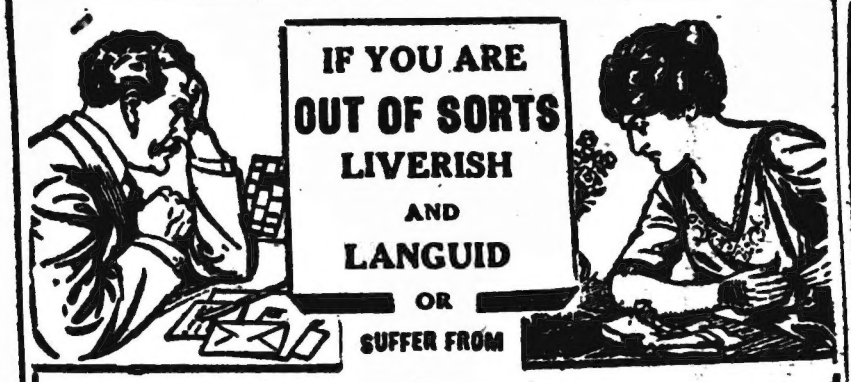
Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
[Mr., Mrs., or Miss]

Address of home .....

.....

October 6, 1917



IF YOU ARE
OUT OF SORTS
LIVERISH
AND
LANGUID
OR
SUFFER FROM

If you have a tendency to Liverishness, and feel languid, "out of sorts," or "run down," you should at once resort to the world-famous remedy for these troubles—Mother Seigel's Syrup.

INDIGESTION

By its gentle but efficient tonic action it puts the stomach, liver and bowels in a state of healthy activity; as a result you are then able to digest what you eat, and thus secure fresh stores of health and vitality. Just try a short course of Mother Seigel's Syrup daily after meals and note the general improvement in your health.

MOTHER
SEIGEL'S SYRUP
IS THE TONIC YOU NEED

The 2/9 Bottle contains THREE TIMES AS MUCH as the 1/3 size.

A Sound Economy

IN these days when everything is "up"—when wool, owing to labour difficulties, the cost of material, etc., is almost prohibitive in price—Rameses, the new brand of British-made underwear, is sure to be welcomed.

Rameses is to-day a public boon, as it is a sound, reliable garment at a moderate price and of unequalled value.

Rameses perfect fitting and comfortable garments for men and women are carefully made from durable yarns. They are made and not stretched to shape. The price is moderate, and service remarkable.

RAMESES
British - made Underwear

Every genuine RAMESES garment bears the Trade Mark—always look for the Rameses Head before completing a purchase.

Sold Everywhere.

Ask your Draper or Hosier to-day.

Last Year's Overcoat like new again.

The problem of new clothes need not worry you this winter if you send your overcoat or suit to us to be renovated by our special tailor-cleaning process.

Whatever their condition, we are able to make them like new. We clean, do all minor repairs, reshape and press in best West-End style for 5s. per overcoat or suit.

On receipt of postcard we will collect and deliver anywhere within 10 miles Charing Cross. Beyond, use parcel post. We post back FREE

BRITISH
Turning & Dyeing Co.
34 to 40, GREAT COLLEGE ST.
LONDON, N.W.1.
Telephone: North 2662-2663.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Checks Acute Colds—Stops Coughs—Relieves Bronchitis Immediately

That is the experience of millions of users of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. This pleasant, easy way removes all danger, whether the sufferer be a babe of six months or an aged person. Prove it yourself—take no risk with a dangerous cough or cold. Free yourself to-night. Your nearest Chemist will supply you with Veno's Lightning Cough Cure.

Prices 11½d., 1/3, and 3/- per Bottle.

Note.—Veno's is guaranteed free from opium and from everything narcotic or harmful. It is therefore as suitable for children as for adults—and children like it. Veno's is cheapest and best.

The VENO DRUG Co., Ltd., Veno Bdgs., Manchester.

Are You Troubled by ASTHMA?

Are you being almost suffocated by that horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake night after night? Don't suffer longer, but get Potter's Asthma Cure. Gives instant relief, and works wonders in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough and other lung troubles. *The best remedy for bronchitis of children.*

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

Is quite safe to use, it contains no opiates and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. It is so sure to give relief that you should accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and you will receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by chemists, herbalists and stores, for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

NAME ----------

ADDRESS ----------

John Bull ----------

Printed and published for the Proprietors (John Bull Ltd.) by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.

All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Gerrard 9870 (seven lines).